

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## Review of New Books.

*Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of King Charles II. A. D. 1660.* By Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, knight. Edinburgh, 1821. (Without the name of Printer or Publisher.) 4to. pp. 332.

NOTWITHSTANDING the suspicious appearance above italicised, we are persuaded that this is a genuine work. Indeed it carries internal evidence of the fact along with it; and, besides, contains no matter bearing either on politics, religion, or party, which it would have been worth any person's while to forge at the present day. Yet the story of the MS. is a queer one. A mass of papers were, four years ago, sold to a grocer in Edinburgh

"to wrap  
Up snuff and sweeties in a shop."

This volume was in the lot, and being struck with its historical aspect, the worthy dealer in tea and treacle communicated it to Dr. McCrie, the author of the "Lives of Knox and Melville." He in turn placed it in the hands of the gentleman, (Mr. Thomson, of the Register Office, Edinburgh, as we have been told,) under whose auspices it is now given to the public. The MS. is written by an ordinary clerk or transcriber; but there are numerous corrections, which, it is stated, are in the well-known characters of Sir George Mackenzie. In form, it is of a small 4to. 8 inches by 6, bound in vellum. It "has been," says a note to the Preface, "mutilated in several places, by cutting out entire leaves or series of leaves; but excepting one lamentable hiatus which must have contained the history of no less than six years, it appears probable that these leaves were mostly blank, and must have been selected by the possessor on that account. The first eighty pages of the volume do not indicate any injurious mutilation; and these exhibit a greater number of minute corrections and additions in the handwriting of the author than any other part of the work. To these had succeeded that large portion of the volume which has been entirely destroyed, and which probably amounted to about one hundred pages. The remainder of the manuscript extends to one hundred and ninety-four pages, and completes the volume.

"Since the discovery of this volume, very anxious inquiries have been made, (as might be taken for granted,) respecting the other papers among which it was found. Of these, however, nothing has been learned, excepting that they appeared to be the musty sweepings of a writer's or attorney's office; but from the good sense of the per-

son into whose hands they fell, his assurance, that no other portion of the work of Sir George Mackenzie was included in the mass, may be relied on as probably correct.

"The manuscript of this volume shall be finally deposited in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates;—a Library which was projected and founded by Sir George Mackenzie; and which those who are truly anxious for the preservation of the muniments of our national history, may be warranted in regarding as at once the richest and securest treasury to which they can be consigned."

It may be remembered, by the literary world, that Sir G. Mackenzie's works were published in Edinburgh, about a century ago; and it seems probable that some accident at that period not only prevented the printing of his history of affairs from 1660 to 1691, (of which this is a portion,) but consigned the MS. to that oblivion whence it has now been thus partially rescued.

Of other preliminary observations, it need only be added, that the dates in this MS. are frequently erroneous; that documents referred to, have been supplied by the editor from other tracts and public records in Scotland; that the writer's feelings are strongly national; that his personal actions are related, with due regard for his own reputation; and that the periods embraced by the narrative are from the Restoration 1660 to 1663, and (after a hiatus of six years) from 1669 to 1679, the author having become Lord Advocate in 1677.

Sir George sets out with a sensible view of history, and asserts his competency to the task he has undertaken; for, says he, "I may without vanity promise, that no man hath writ an history who knew more intimately the designs, and observ'd more narrowly all the circumstances of those actions he sets down, than myself; having been either actor in or witness to all the transactions which I mention, especially since the year 1677, at which time I was made his Majesty's Advocate. And though I give not an account of the fate of great monarchies, yet I beg leave to say, that the events I relate were the product of as much hate, and of as many thoughts, in the actors, as actions of much greater splendor."

His next topic is the appointment of the chief officers of state in Scotland, on the Restoration; and he seems fully to justify his boast of information by the clear manner in which he accounts for this distribution of places and power. In our days, however, the intrigues, jealousies, and quarrels of Lauderdale, Middleton, Tarbet, Tweddale, and others, (famous in those struggles,) are of small moment; and we

shall pass them by, except to show their effect upon such a person as the Marquess of Argyll.

"The Marquess of Argyll, thinking that he had been in no worse favour than the other noblemen who had been engag'd in the same party, took journey for court, when he heard that they were well received; but he sent his son the Lord Lorn before him, to whom his Majesty express himself very kindly, which encourag'd the Marquess yet further. Whereupon after his arrival he went to Whitehall, and sent his son Lorn to desire that he might kiss his Majesty's hands; but his Majesty seem'd to take no notice of the advertisement, till he secretly sent for secretary Nicholas, by whom he directed an order to Sir Edward Walker, king at arms, to secure his person: which order was intimated to him whilst he stood in the privy chamber, extremely crowded and gazed upon; from which he was conveyed to the tower in coach, without obtaining leave to speak to his Majesty; which albeit he beg'd most earnestly, was by Sir Edward refused. The English nobility and many ladies, persuaded by the entreaties of his enemies, did that night thank his Majesty for that imprisonment; and it was thought that Lauderdale was not displeas'd to be thus secur'd against an old enemy, who might have become a new rival."

The trial of this nobleman and his speech on the scaffold are detailed:—On the 24th of May, 1661, "He was forfeited, and the manner of his execution was put to the vote; and being stated, 'hang, or behead,' it was concluded that he should be beheaded, and that his head should be placed on the tolbooth where Montrose's head had formerly stood. The Earl of Crawford, being then President in the Chancellor's absence, desired him to kneel and receive his sentence, which he did; and after it was pronounced, he said, that he remember'd that he had put the first crown upon the King's head, (meaning at his coronation in Scotland;) and that he hop'd God would bestow upon him a crown of glory, for he always wish'd the King well. He cited likewise that law made by Theodosius, wherein, because he had condemn'd some persons rashly, he therefore ordain'd that for the future no person should be executed to the death till 30 days after it was pronounced; and therefore craved some time. This he desired because he expected his second son Lord Neill, who was lately gone to court, would procure at least some respite for him. The parliament seem'd much affected with this great revolution of fortune, and his own carriage, which drew tears from his very enemies; yet by a vote, all delays were refused, and he sent to the

to booth amongst the ordinary prisoners; from whence he was brought to the cross of Edinburgh upon the 27th day of May 1661. On the scaffold he made a rather long harangue, and the author adds,

"At his death he shewed much staydness, as appeared by all his gestures, but especially by speaking to the people without any commotion and with his ordinary gestures; and his giving his watch to the Earl of Caithness, telling him with a smile that it was fit for men to pay their debts, and therefore having promised him that watch he would now perform it. And I remember that I having told him, a little before his death, that the people believ'd he was a coward and expected he would die timorously, he said to me he would not die as a Roman braving death, but he would die as a Christian without being affrighted. Yet some concluded that he dy'd without courage, because he shifted to lay down his head, and protracted time by speaking at all the corners of the scaffold, which was not usual, and buttoning his doublet twice or thrice after he was ready to throw it off. The scaffold was full of such friends in mourning as he had given up in list, and who were contained in a warrant subscribed by the Commissioner: these carried his body to the Magdalene Chapel, from whence it was convey'd to his ordinary burial place at Kilman."

The enumeration of the sects into which Scotland was at this era divided is curious; and the account of their *ministers* (clergymen) who paid court to Cromwell at London, is a singular exposition of the baseness of them all.

The courts of justice having been shut for two years after the Protector's death, the Scottish Parliament had enough of business of every kind thrust upon it, when it met in January, 1661; or, to use the phrase of our historian, when "it was ridden with much pomp in the usual way." Parliament was, in those times, ridden also on pro-roguing, though not in the sense which would now be understood, if we talked of riding the legislature. Some of the earliest acts are thus characteristically described:—

"The Protector had, to maintain his tyranny over Scotland, built four citadels in it, with much art and expenses; one in Ait, a second at Leith, a third at Perth, a fourth at Inverness; and had planted them with English garrisons. These had till now been continued, by the mediation of Chancellor Hyde, who retained some fear that Scotland was yet too fanatic to be trusted to their own loyalty; and with him Duke Albemarle concurr'd, to gratify the officers and soldiers who had serv'd under him, and were yet under his command; and these two had led Middleton, then Commissioner, into the same belief, who likewise thought fit to have them as a guard to his authority here. But at the constant entreaties of the Earl of Lauderdale, who represented that Scotland had now manifested their aversion from these former rebellious principles, they were removed; and the citadels themselves dismantl'd, seeing his Majesty had no re-

venues to maintain garrisons in them; and, if they had been kept empty, they might have proved so many defences for such as intended to rebel. The materials and ground whereupon they were built, were bestowed in this manner: Air was disposed to the Earl of Eglington, who thereafter employed the same to the manufactory of cloth, newly erected there; Perth, to the magistrates of the town; Inverness, to the Earl of Murray; and Leith to the Earl of Lauderdale, with the privilege of erecting it in a burgh of regality; which he did, to force the magistrates of Edinburgh to buy it from him; for he boasted to settle a trade there which would break their's: to prevent which, Sir Andrew Ramsay, provost of Edinburgh, did thereafter induce the town to buy it at the rate of 5000 *lib.* sterling; and this was the foundation of his court with Lauderdale, who hated him formerly as one who waited entirely on the Earl of Middleton.

"Thus Scotland was entirely freed from the English soldiers and garrisons; and Lauderdale upon this account deserved well of his country, and magnified himself in it as a great testimony of his love for Scotland; and to evidence his affection the more, he did, in presence of his Majesty, sit down and kiss the warrant with great demonstrations of joy. But this excessive boasting, that he had prevail'd in this over Hyde, Middleton, and all the English, did somewhat contribute to renew the old discords which had formerly been entertained betwixt the nations; and occasioned the making of those severe acts, whereby the Parliament of England debarr'd the Scots from freedom of trade in their plantations, and from enjoying the benefit of natives in the privilege of shipping.

"The Parliament of Scotland, taking to their consideration how much and how unjustly this kingdom was injured, by an aspersion cast upon it for the transactions at Newcastle in *anno* 1647, at which time the King was delivered to the Parliament of England; which was called, in some histories, a selling of the King; did by an express act, condemn and reprobate all that treaty, and declare that the same was no national act, but was only carried on by some rebels, who had falsely assumed the name of a parliament. Nor wanted there many even in that Parliament, who protested against all that procedure, and who had the courage and honesty to cause registrate that protestation. And I must here crave leave to expostulate with our neighbours of England, for inveighing so severely against our nation, for delivering up their King; seeing he was only delivered up to their Parliament, who first imprisoned, and thereafter murdered him: whereas how soon even our rebels discovered their design, they carried into England a splendid and mighty army for his defence; and when his murder came to their ears, they proclaimed his son their King, and sent commissioners to treat with him, and bring him home to Scotland; and when he was arrived, they did contribute their lives and fortunes for his safety. And albeit some

bigot presbyterians did use him unkindly, out of too much kindness to their own principles; yet even these did very generously oppose Cromwell, and such as had murdered their King; as is clear by the attack made by General Major Montgomery at Musselburgh, and by the Remonstrators at Linlithgow. They fought also two battles for him at Dunbar and Worcester; and suffered the greatest hardships imaginable. After which, first the Earl of Glencairn, and then the Earl of Middleton, did keep the fields under his display'd banner; nor did ever his Majesty want some Scottis to stand in arms for him in Scotland, till it pleased God, in return of this loyalty, to make them the great instruments of encouraging General Monk, in his bringing home the King; having offered to assist him with their lives and fortunes against Lambert, and having contributed three months cess *per* advance, for payment of his armies. And so remarkable was our loyalty to the world, and amongst strangers, that his Majesty was always called King of Scots; and it was believed and presumed in all places where our nation travelled, whether in England or beyond-sea, that a Scot was still a Royalist."

This parliament also granted the King £.40,000 a year, (*viz.* £.32,000 on the excise of ale and beer, and £.8,000 of foreign customs), the horrible consequences of which profusion are insisted on with great lamentation. "This new burden became," we are told, "the ruin of the kingdom, for it low'd extremely the price of victual, because it heighten'd the price of beer and ale; and when money grew scarce, it forc'd gentlemen to make untimely shifts for its payment; and it forc'd also poor people to leave off brewing; and the exacting of it being entrusted to soldiers, who quarter'd till it was payed, they made this a pretext to oppress the country; and they prey'd so uncontrollably upon the remoter parts of the kingdom, who were far distant from the seat of justice, that in effect these shires payed still a double share; and when all was collected, it did either lie idle, or in the Castle, or else was carried by courtiers into England: And thus trade was defrauded by want of a stock, and the country men impoverished by a lasting and eating tax. Nor did these *provises* in the act any way lessen the burden; for it was in vain to think that his Majesty's successors would not pretend, that because their expenses were equal to his Majesty's, that therefore the same subsidy should not be deny'd. And subsidies are, in this, like to the Devil, that both are more easily raised than laid."

"The Marquess of Montrose, the Earls of Bramford and Carnwath, the Lairds of Gorthie, Sana, and Largie, who had been forfeited for adhering to his Majesty, were in this Parliament also restored; and the Marquess of Montrose his body, which was closed up in a four cornered box and buried in the Burrow-muir, was with much pomp raised and put in the Abbey; from which it was thereafter carried, in form of solemn funeral, to the Church of St. Giles, and bu-

ried in the tomb of his grandfather who had dy'd Vicerey of Scotland."

Having discussed the most material acts of this first session of the Scottish Parliament under the restored House, the author goes into the particulars of the trials of individuals who had taken a zealous share in the Revolution, through which it is unnecessary to follow him. He also relates at length the measures which led to the establishment of Episcopacy, the Act of Indemnity, and all the circumstances which conduced to the overthrow of Lord Middleton, and the ascendancy of Lauderdale. The latter having superseded the former, as Lord Commissioner, out-did him in servility to the crown. One instance, (A. D. 1663.) will suffice:—

"Middleton having given, or at least declar'd, so many prerogatives in his Majesty's favours, Lauderdale (for all was ascrib'd to him,) resolv'd to shew his zeal for his majesty, by prevailing with this Parliament to make his majesty an offer of 22,000 men, who should serve him in any place of Scotland, England, and Ireland; which expression did much offend the English, who conceiv'd that Scotland should not have offer'd their assistance to his majesty, in their kingdom, in so publick a way. This Act was then design'd to be, and became thereafter, the foundation of our militia."

We shall conclude this first division of the work, with one other extract worthy the period:—

"Sir Archibald Johnstoun of Waristoun having fled in anno 1660, resided in France; whereupon Alexander Murray was sent over there, and procur'd from the French King a warrant to apprehend him, and did accordingly bring him over from Rouen a prisoner, to the Tower of London: from which he was sent down to Scotland; and having been condemn'd as a traitor, in the first session of this Parliament, as President of the Committee of Safety, he was brought up the street discover'd; and being brought into the Council-house of Edinburgh, where the Chancellor and others waited to examine him, he fell upon his face, roaring, and with tears entreated they would pity a poor creature, who had forgot all that was in the Bible. This mov'd all the spectators with a deep melancholy; and the Chancellor reflecting upon the man's [great parts] former esteem, and the great share he had in all the late revolutions, could not deny some tears to the frailty of silly mankind. At his examination, he pretended that he had lost so much blood, by the unskilfulness of his Chirurgicalians, that he lost his memory with his blood; and I really believe that his courage had indeed been drawn out with it. Within a few days, he was brought before the Parliament; where he discover'd nothing but much weakness, running up and down upon his knees begging mercy: But the Parliament ordain'd his former sentence to be put to execution; and accordingly he was executed at the Cross of Edinburgh. At his execution, (July 22, 1663,) he shew more composure than formerly, which his friends ascrib'd to God's miraculous kindness for

him; but others thought that he had only formerly put on this disguise of madness, to escape death in it; and that finding the mask useless, he had return'd, not to his wit which he had lost, but from his madness which he had counterfeited. However it cannot be denied but he had been a man of [eminent parts, and more eminent devotion] some parts and devotion; but his natural choler being kindl'd by his zeal, had been fatal, first to this kingdom, and then to himself.

(To be Continued in our next.)

*The Garden of Florence; and other Poems.*  
By John Hamilton. London, 1821. Warren. 12mo. pp. 175.

JOHN HAMILTON is a fictitious name. The author is a very able writer, both in original productions and criticism. He tells us, that the major part of these poems were written several years ago, and expresses a fear that age has not improved them. Such an effect could hardly be expected; and, however fond authors may be of their earlier works, however they may gloss over their imperfections, and however they may, parentally, construe blemishes into beauties, we are fully convinced that a practised pen, of only a few years old, would produce much better things than those which the complacency of memory gilds and revives. In short, we think that the *soi-disant* John Hamilton is capable of much higher efforts than those of his young Muse which he has here consecrated. Not but that she displays poetical beauties of a fine cast; there are many sweet features, but the likeness has been anticipated by the delightful pencil of Barry Cornwall, and that which was original meets the public eye as if it were an inferior copy. Another drawback is, that after a certain number of the Italian novels have been versified, (a fashion most predominant of late,) the source becomes common-place; the waters of this Helicon are muddled, and though genius filter them into ever so exquisite transparency, we are prejudiced against their taste, their brilliancy, and their purity. We shall, with these general preliminaries, offer examples of the present volume, which will render further (except by-play criticism) unnecessary.

The author's Dedication to ———, points him out as a Layyer.

"This book is thine—this record of past hours;  
This chronicle of feelings gone for aye!  
Thou'lt find a line or two about the flowers,  
And words of welcome to the Lady May:—  
Think not with these I now abuse my powers,  
I've learn'd at length to reverence Lady-day.  
These are old follies—as the time increases,  
I give up drawing verse for drawing leases.

"I will not tell the world that thou hast chid  
My heart for worshipping the idol Muse;  
That thy dark eye hath given its gentle lid  
Tears for my wanderings;—I may not choose  
When thou dost speak, but do as I am bid,  
—And therefore to the roses and the dews,  
Very respectfully I made my bow;—  
And turn my back upon the tulips now."

But, in spite of this declaration, he joins issue with the Muse, and thus concludes the introductory apology:—

"I wish the world could know how young and bright

Thou art whose voice forbids me poetry;  
And how thy cheek, June-born, doth take delight

In marring thy sweet caution:—oh! to me  
Thine eye is lustrous with the Muse's light,  
And that which thou forbiddest is in thee:—  
'Tis as the lily in some magic hour  
Should speak, and warn the heart against a flower.

"But thy advice is law—so farewell, fairies!  
My soul against your glowing haunts I must ice,—

Fate, at a word, my course of study varies,  
And brings me books in which a deal of dust is:—

Shakspeare gives place to Blackstone's Commentaries,—

And Burns' Poems usher in Burns' Justice.—  
I give a sigh (a trifle) to times past:—  
These are my latest verses, and my last.

"And as they are my last,—thou wilt not sigh,  
That thus an offering from my heart to thine  
I bring them,—as I pledged in hours gone by,  
Craving thee to be kind to them as mine.

Now to the Lady Muse I bid good bye;  
Poor soul! the tears within her eyelids shine:  
I kiss her hand, so sonnet sweet, and part:—  
Well! be it so.—A blessing on her heart!"

This is very pretty and playful: the first poem, "The Garden of Florence," is otherwise. It opens thus:—

"In the fair city of Florence, there did dwell  
A young and sweetly favour'd damosel:—  
The daughter of mean parents, yet secure  
Of that respect which stainless thoughts ensure.  
In quiet home she dwelt, adorning peace;—  
She lived by patient carding of the fleece,  
And spinning at her distaff cheerfully  
From night to morn.—'Twas beautiful to see  
Her undejected spirit, as she sat  
Singing to nought the work that she was at.  
The dark and natural tresses curl'd adown  
Upon her easy shoulders, where the gown  
Was simply button'd.—And the roses came  
Into the summer cheeks of that young dame;  
And on her forehead white, the lilies did the same."

We remember an old nursery ballad, which began exactly in the same way.

"In a foreign city there *did* dwell,  
A maiden lady whose beauty did excell  
All other ladies of that place,  
For sparkling eyes, and a charming face."

These 'dids' are deadly halts in the false gallop of verse-making; and surely the couplet rhyming with 'sat' and 'at' is far beneath the idea of simplicity. Indeed this seems to us to be the vice of the poem; throughout the author has conceived that to be simple, which is in our judgment puerile, but while we say this, it must be understood not as a dogma, but as matter of taste; many may hold with the writer, and entertain the reverse of our opinion on the point at issue, than which there is not one more disputed in the whole range of poetical criticism. To return to the poem, Simoinda (for that is the damosel's name)

—Carded for her livelihood the wool;—  
And her so pretty hands were ever full  
Of white supplies brought by the Florence youth,  
Who pined in numbers for her—

that is 'many of them,' and not that they pined in canonets and madrigals. Among these pasquino, a young merchant,



eloquent of tongue  
And buoyant of his spirit, as a child  
Came unto light Simonida—

and wins his way to be the favoured suitor. Their loves are much better painted, than the wool-works at the commencement of the tale, and the following is a characteristic touch of the artist's happier manner:—  
"Oh! lovers are long watchers of the night!  
Watchers of coiling darkness--of the light--  
Of the cold window-pane, whereon the moon  
Casteth her sorrow smile in night's mid noon--  
Of the unwearied stars that watch on high,  
As though there were lone lovers in the sky!  
Passion lays desolate the fields of sleep,  
And wakes a thousand eyes to watch and weep."

We need not, however, pursue the thread of the story, which is so well known, as the Sage Leaf of Boccaccio.† In the garden, as the lovers walk:—

"A bed of sage was near them as they walk'd,  
(Fit plant to match with that of which they talk'd!)

Pasquino, stooping, pluck'd a leaf, and play'd  
With a saying of Old Crones—for dames have said

The sage-leaf whitens teeth—he laughing bit  
The idle leaf, loosing his playful wit, [be  
And saying,—"Sweet girl, I taste this leaf, to  
More wise anon, than thus to worship thee!  
'Than thus to kiss thy pensive forehead, where,  
'Like beauty's tent, falleth thy parted hair:--  
'Doth it not blanch me, love?--he cham'd the plant--

Amid his heedless talk--and pallid--faint--  
He whiten'd at the leaf,--and sigh'd!--His hand  
Trembled in cold and fearful damp--A bland,  
A dim expression of undying love [strove  
Went o'er his shiver'd cheek--and then he  
To kiss Simonida--and as he gave  
That deathful kiss--that kiss cold as the grave!  
He curl'd with shuddering throes and withering clutch,

Like that frail plant which shrinketh at a touch!  
One shriek--no more--and lost Simonida  
Feels at her feet a corpse--for there it whiten-  
ing lay!"

The horror of Simonida is paraphrased from Virgil:—

"she did make  
The olive aisles of that still garden shade  
Echo her shrieking voice--shrieking for aid!  
The frighten'd hollows of that shade return'd  
The shriek of agony,--and far off mourn'd!"

Simonida is arraigned as a murderess, and in telling the truth, in her defence, illustrates it by tasting the poisoned sage, in consequence of which, she dies, and escapes a public doom. "A huge and gloomy toad" is found at the root of the plant, infecting it with mortal venom.

"None, none might dare  
To approach the bright-eyed reptile--but each brought

Branches of scatter'd wood, and o'er him  
A funeral pile--the roots of sage were thrown  
Into the heap--and all was burned down!

"The lovers side by side were gently laid  
In the Garden of Florence,--and the tenderest shade

Of weeping trees hallow'd their pleasant tomb,  
And wrapp'd it in a green and placid gloom.  
The lonely nightingale and watching star  
At eve for ever their companions are!"

\* The misuse of the preposition is not accidental, he mentions elsewhere, a tree "which looketh constant of the undying spring," &c. &c.

† Mr. D'Israeli has also versified it, long ago. The title was, we believe, "The Carder and the Carter."

Brief as our extracts are, they will serve to elucidate Mr. Hamilton's style, upon which we shall only further observe, that his epithets often savour more of fanciful and abstract meaning than of propriety of application. We cannot, for example, reconcile our sense to "white prayers" to "pearl-fair hands," to "pardon's pure," to "steadily fallen hair," to the punishment of "eager death," to "married cheeks," and a multitude of like phrases, which have rather an import attached to them in the breast of the author, than a signification adapted to their use in his verse.

The "Romance of Youth," of 104 stanzas, has a number of sweet passages, but is deformed by those quaint and new fangled coinages of words, which are peculiar and not ornamental to a modern sect of poetical writers. We pass it once, therefore, to give place to a specimen of the "other poems."

#### "Matin Song."

"The day's wan light breaks fair and far,  
The wave is restless on the stream;--  
Dallying with the morning star,  
It rocks the slight and silvery balm.

"Freshly the heart of day is breathing!  
The wild flower trembles for the bee:--  
On ocean's cheek a smile is wreathing,  
Tenderly and merrily!"

"The sky-lark leaves its nest,  
With pearls upon its breast;-- [elow,--  
From its nested eedge the crowned swan glides,  
And forth into the morning, like the light, doth go!"

#### "Sonnet to —."

"The trees in Sherwood forest are old and good,

The grass beneath them now is dimly green;  
Are they deserted all? Is no young mien  
With loose-slung bugle met within the wood:  
No arrow found,--foi'd of its antler'd food,  
Struck in the oak's rude side? Is there nought seen,

To mark the revelries which there have been,  
In the sweet days of merry Robin Hood!

"Go there, with Summer, and with evening, go  
In the soft shadows like some wandering man,  
And thou shalt far amid the forest know  
The archer men in green, with belt and bow,  
Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,  
With Robin at their head, and Marian."

From all that appears, it is, we think, evident that the author is a person of fine feeling and poetical talents; but, that his affection for the doings of other years, have tempted him to give a volume to the world less worthy of his genius than he could now (if he pleased) produce.

*Recollections of a Classical Tour through various parts of Greece, Turkey, and Italy, made in the years 1818 and 1819.* By Peter Edmund Laurent. (With Copper-plates.) London, 1821. 4to. pp. 317. G. and W. B. Whittaker.

HAVING in earlier Numbers of our Journal bestowed many pages upon Grecian Travels, especially on Dodwell's dry, but exceedingly accurate and able Tour, the subject of our present remarks would hardly have required a detailed critique from us, even had it been as laborious and minute,

as it is slight and sketchy. Mr. Laurent, however, does not pretend to depth, and his volume is offered as conveying nothing more than the hasty and superficial glance of a classical eye over the most interesting country (perhaps) in the world. Indeed, the author commences by stating, "It has more than once been observed, that the narratives of travellers, accurately describing the objects they have seen, and faithfully relating the accidents which have befallen them, cannot fail to be, if not instructive, at least amusing. I hope this circumstance will be regarded as a sufficient excuse for the publication of the following Recollections."

We cannot admit that this is a sufficient reason for publishing. The reader who purchases a quarto of price, has a right to expect something from it, besides mere desultory common-place, and a narrative of personal events; and particularly if Greece be the theme, he naturally looks for classical research and comparative illustration. In fact, the author has done more than he promised in this respect; and his views are at least enriched with some excellent quotations from Pausanias, concerning the former state of those scenes over which he pursued his pleasing course. The name of Italy stands in his title too, but all that is said of it is unimportant, being comprised in merely a few passages respecting his departure from Venice and his return to Barletta.

Our author having arrived at Zea (Ceos), where the use of silk was discovered, receives a bad impression of the beauties of Greece from the aspect of that heathy and marshy island, which is not removed till he reaches Scio. Nevertheless, the Zeots are ardent lovers of their native soil, and most of those who quit it in their youth, return to pass their latter years and die there.

"During our stay," says Mr. L., "we often visited Signor Pangolo, the British Vice-Consul, a Greek, placed here originally by the Levant Company, for the purpose of watching and taking notice of the measures of the pirates. He is the first man in the island, and is supported by the ships which stress of weather obliges to cast anchor in the port, each of which, bearing the British flag, pays three dollars. The house which he inhabits, and on which the English jack is proudly displayed, can boast of no architectural beauty; yet it is said to be several hundreds years old. It is built upon a very high rock, and commands a noble view of the sea. From his windows he has a prospect of the site of Athens, and the plains of Marathon."

This we are inclined to think must be a slip in the author's "Recollections;" for though Marathon is visible from this site, we imagine that Mount Hymettos must be removed or perforated to admit of a view of Athens. But we are not so positive on the point as to bring a charge of absolute inaccuracy, and, without resting upon it, advance to Scio (Chios), where "A curious monument of antiquity is shown on the north-eastern shore of the island; it is termed the school of Homer, for every old stone at Scio bears the name of Homer,

whose natal village and tomb are seriously pointed out to the traveller. This school consists only in a few steps hewn in a rock, on the top of which stands a sort of pedestal: some antiquaries have supposed it to be the remains of a temple consecrated to Ceres."

Lesbos was the next place of note visited by our countryman; he then inspected the reputed spot where

Troy Town once it stood;

of which he seems very dubious, sails up the Hellespont, and describes Constantinople. Our readers will (in our two ensuing Numbers, which will contain an account of that city) see the reason for our not accompanying him in this part of his excursion, and, on that account, with less reluctance return to Zen, at which his luggage was stolen, and he tells us, "We were, in consequence of this robbery, obliged to protract our stay in the island several days: gratitude binds me to acknowledge (and with sincere pleasure do I fulfil that duty) the active exertions of the vice-consul, by whose means we re-obtained possession of the stolen goods; the theft had been committed by three persons, one of whom was the *egumenas*, or abbot of a convent in the island. It is an assertion which many travellers have made, and I believe with justice, that hardly ever is any crime committed in modern Greece, the instigator and mover of which is not a minister of religion; nay, strange as it may appear, the hordes of Maniote pirates have each their priest, who invokes the assistance of the Almighty in their sanguinary expeditions, and pronounces a holy benediction upon the heads of the ruthless adventurers."

From Zen, the passage to Athens is very easy, but the approach of the travellers to Attica was most unpropitious. Mr. L. complains grievously of being obliged to perform quarantine, and oddly enough seems to think the hardship greater, because Buonaparté did not choose to undergo the like ordeal, when he landed at Frejus from Egypt. At Athens he remained several weeks, experiencing the utmost liberality and attention from Mr. Fauvel, the French vice-consul, (a circumstance we gladly relate, to the honour of that gentleman, whose conduct is so strongly contrasted by his countrymen in other parts); but we do not meet with any thing in his descriptions of sufficient novelty to court quotation. He examined the remains of ancient architecture, and witnessed a modern Greek wedding. The "couple was" [were] of the lower order, and the barber who shaved the Groom's head, was rewarded with *paras*\* thrown upon his looking-glass. In briefly enumerating the principal remains, Mr. L. says, "Some ruins on the top of a rock, to the west of the Acropolis, are said to be the remains of the Areopagus: the women of Athens have a strange idea, that to slide down this declivity conduces much to their fruitfulness; the rock is consequently, in several places, polished by re-

peated friction." This *Quick Scratch Rock*, as it is called, belongs, we believe, to Mount Lycabettos, and not to the Areopagus which is between it and the Acropolis. Be this as it may, we cordially agree with the author in the annexed paragraph. "The portico of the Pandroseon was supported by six Caryatides, one of which is now in the British Museum; it has been replaced by a column of brick and mortar. The Caryatides, as it is well known, are columns in the shape of a woman deprived of arms, and covered with a garment reaching down to the feet. The origin of this order was as follows:—the inhabitants of Carya having sided with the invaders of Greece, were attacked and defeated by the Athenians, who put to the sword all the men, and carried off the women in triumph: to perpetuate this action, they represented those unfortunate females in their triumphal vestments, supporting the entablature of their edifices—a barbarous and cruel revenge, unworthy of so refined a nation as the Athenians. Like the Persic order, the Caryatides are an absurd invention, disgraceful to art; for what can be more ridiculous than to represent the tender frame of a woman supporting the crushing weight of a marble roof. The moderns, anxious to introduce in their buildings all the faults of the ancients, have not failed to ape their example in this respect also; we now constantly see porticos, &c. supported by tender females, tall Indians, and often—*proh pudor*—by angels."

We were sorry to read the following connected with this subject. "The last time I visited the citadel, when taking a farewell view of the Pandroseon and the hall of Erectheus, I was much displeased at seeing an English traveller, an officer of the navy, (for such his uniform bespoke him to be), standing upon the base of one of the Caryatides, clinging with his left arm round the column, while his right hand, provided with a hard and heavy pebble, was endeavouring to knock off the only remaining nose of those six beautifully sculptured statues. I exerted my eloquence in vain to preserve this monument of art.—A hard and heavy pebble at the nose of this barbarian, would have been the best style of eloquence to apply to him."

After exploring Athens as much as they deemed necessary, the travellers extended their excursions into the vicinity, and then departed for Epidaurus. On one of these occasions, they "were addressed in tolerable Italian by a fine looking Turkish janissary; his name was Housein: he had been in the service of the Princess of Wales, when she performed the voyage to Jerusalem: he had travelled with her in Italy and Germany: he was known in the suite under the name of Soleiman, and was handsomely rewarded for his services: but poor Housein, having contracted, among his Italian acquaintance, too great an affection for billiards, was stripped of his fortune, and returned to his country in poverty. He now contents himself with offering his services to private individuals, who stand in need of a janissary, one of the appendages

generally taken with supreme care by the British traveller, who often too readily listens to the accounts of the ignorant and the prejudiced."

"Housein was communicative, and gave us an amusing account of his travels, the effect of which seemed to have inspired him with the utmost contempt for his country and his comrades."

At Argos, whither the tour led from Epidaurus, we are told "The eager desire of tourists to obtain some relics of antiquity is so well known in Argos, that, when walking the streets, you are repeatedly stopped by the natives to examine the articles they have found in the vicinity. A *kaloieros*, or monk, drew from his breast with great care, what he conceived to be a precious antique; it was a Roman crucifix, broken from its cross. This recalls to my memory a similar scene, which I witnessed at Athens. A young man showed me a French halfpenny, of Louis the Fifteenth, imagining it to be a valuable medal: one of my companions inquired, with pretended eagerness, the price he asked for the coin; the youth significantly raised the fingers of his right hand, and pronounced the words '*πεντε γρόσια*, (five piasters).'"

We take it for granted, that, without purchasing any of these rarities, our travellers journeyed onward to Corinth. Respecting this famous city, we shall only copy what the author relates on leaving it. "We quitted Corinth on the Saturday morning, having previously gone to the church, to witness the kissing of the cross, a ceremony practised by the Greeks every twenty-sixth day of September, (according to their style the fourteenth.) The church was crowded with people: the men standing on one side, the women on the other: several priests were chanting hymns and incensing the church. Before the altar was placed, in a basket of flowers, a crucifix, which each of the assistants, having previously crossed himself, kissed, and then took a flower, at the same time placing some small pieces of coin in a dish, held by one of the priests."

"When on the point of departing, we were for some time stopped by an unforeseen obstacle: the ovens were closed, as it was a feast day, and it was impossible for us to obtain any bread for our journey; and, had it not been for the hospitality of our host, who consented, after some entreaties, to give us two loaves for the quadruple of their value, we should probably have been obliged to remain another day at Corinth."

"There are two public bakers in the town; for every city in Greece has a certain number of ovens for the baking of bread and meat. They are heated by a furnace, placed under them. The bread is generally clean, but not very good, being gritty, and almost without leaven. The Turks sometimes make a more palatable sort of cake, by mixing the flour with oil. The same oven is never used for the baking of bread and of meat; the *kebabjée*, or roaster of meat, being a trade quite different from the *echmetjée*, or baker of bread. These ovens

\* We presume *paras*, though the same orthography is employed at page 159.—Ed.

for baking meat we found very convenient during our tour: a turkey or a fowl, sent to them alive, is, two or three hours afterwards, returned perfectly well cooked, for a trifling sum."

Having returned to Argos by Cleonæ and over the Nemean Plain, the next course taken was to Tripolitza, where Veli Pasha, the son of Ali, bore sway. "The most convenient and economical mode of travelling here is on the horses of the country people: for to travel post would be to gallop by the most interesting spots, and, to use your own horses, would be an endless source of expense, trouble, and vexation. The horses are bar-shod, and, as in Spain, the shoes are fastened on without the injurious practice of burning the hoof. The clucking which, in England is used to excite the horse to speed, here is the only sound by which the animal may be stopped; it answers to the English *wo!* a circumstance, which often throws a traveller, unconscious of the difference, into very awkward difficulties." In spite of these they reached their destination, which is not an interesting one, and thence went to Tegea (now Peali.) In Laconia, as in other parts of Greece, the ignorant peasantry do not consider the English as Christians, owing to their not making the sign of the Cross; and under this stigma our countrymen passed through Sparta. At Megalopolis we find the following notice:—

"We went to see the service performed in a miserable church adjoining the hut. As the Greeks never eat, drink, or even take a pinch of snuff before their Sunday devotions are completed, mass is always said as soon as it is light; when finished, they proceed without scruple to their usual labours. The congregation was assembled by a tinkling noise, which we took at first to be that of a bell; we were, however, soon convinced of our mistake, by seeing the papa himself standing on a dunghill in the middle of his village, and producing the sound by striking with a hammer the blade of an iron adze. The church was similar to all those in Greece, the walls of which are generally decorated with barbarously uncouth representations of saints, dressed in gaudy colours: among these the figure of the Virgin or Panagia of Christ, and of the guardian Saint, are always most conspicuous. After these come St. George, mounted on his steed, and in the act of spearing the dragon, while an urchin, perched on the crupper of the saddle, is represented holding the sacred phial. Above these are painted the martyrdoms of many holy men, exhibiting all the horrors red and black, daubed on by a Greek brush, can portray.

"The devotion of these poor people seems to consist only in making the sign of the Cross, and repeating, at certain periods of the service, the words *kyrie eleison*. The smoke of incense rises in volumes to the roof of the church. During the prayers many offerings were made to the priest of boiled Turkey wheat: tapers were lighted in honour of the guardian saints, the pictures of whom received a most loving kiss from each of the devotees at his entrance and departure. I was not a little surprised at a

scene which took place just as the gospel was about to be read: the women approached the altar, before which they laid some long bundles, which they constantly carried tied on their shoulders with two cords, and which we had imagined contained some household or agricultural instruments: the cries of infants proved to us our mistake; they were a sort of leathern portable cradles, in which the children were bound, and carried with fond care by their mothers. It is throughout Greece the custom, in village churches, to bring the young children to the altar, in order that the gospel may be read over them."

Without attending further to the route to Messene, Phigalia, &c., through the whole of which we really meet with nothing new, and are at the close forced to confess, that the entire volume is barren of matters, such as we could extract, we shall only add one quotation more. Speaking of the river Alpheus, Mr. Laurent says:—

"Who knows not the tale of the loves of Alpheus and Arethusa?—Both were devoted to the chase! Alpheus falls in love with the fair huntress; she rejects his suit, and flies to Orygia, a small island near Syracuse, where she is metamorphosed into a fountain: Alpheus heroically changes himself into a river, drives his impetuous waters, unmingled, through the Ionian sea, and unites them to those of his cruel mistress.—I have little doubt that this fable of the poets originated in the fact of a submarine communication, which probably does, or formerly did exist between the Peloponnesus and the island of Sicily. There is irrefragable evidence that such a communication now exists between the Morea and the Strophades. On the largest of those islands, a swampy patch of land, there has stood for many years a convent, inhabited by fifty or sixty monks, whose sanctuary is defended by a battery of great guns; the leaves of the plane are often found swimming on the surface of their well, although not one tree of that species grows in either of the islands. Sir George Wheeler, who travelled in the year 1675, mentions the same circumstance. At the convent is shown a snuff-box, which was taken from the well, having, as it is supposed, been dropped into the Alpheus by some inhabitant of the opposite peninsula."

From Patras, the author sailed to Santa Maura, visited Corfu, and thence sought Otranto and Barletta, where, to conclude his travels, he once more performed that hated ceremony, of which an Arabian hand has traced a resemblance in the Lazeretto of Marseilles in these words:—"Life is the Quarantine to Eternity."

We lament that we are unable to offer better specimens of this work; but, though written by a scholar and a gentleman, it in truth supplies very little information.

*Advice to the Young Mother, in the Management of Herself and Infant.* By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 12mo. 1821.

For the best reasons, and with the purest

intentions, we have always discouraged those publications that seduce the credulity of the public, under the plausible titles of *Treatises on Domestic Medicine and Every Man his own Doctor*. Such manuals, addressed to the unskilful, usually create confusion by a fallacious enumeration of symptoms; frequently magnify danger, or neglect to give timely warning, and generally extol remedies that possess little efficacy. Thus fatal mistakes are committed, and, when too late, the deluded pretender awakens from his dream to realise sorrow and repentance.

The author of the small and judicious volume before us has concealed his name, and consequently sacrificed all hopes of personal fame and emolument from the publication of his valuable advice; and he has distinctly marked the extent to which the parent may proceed with safety, and noted those symptoms that demand professional assistance. When we consider the powerful instincts that operate in the mother for the preservation of her offspring, when we contemplate her constant assiduous, watchful solicitudes, and tender apprehensions, and recollect that the infant is her inseparable companion, we must be convinced that she is fully competent to detect its progressive developments, and to observe the morbid alterations of its system. This practical experience the author has condensed and explained in a perspicuous manner, and being wholly exempt from technical terms, which are often of ambiguous meaning, it becomes a valuable present to the Young Mother.

### Original Topages.

#### CHAP. X.

*Voyage to the Sandwich Islands; various Transactions there; Superstitious Omen; Death of a Chief; Remarkable Funeral Ceremonies, Taboo, and Customs connected with these Rites.—Whymea.—The Russian Intrigues with the Natives, and their consequences.—Different trading trips, to show the Nature of the Island Commerce.—The Ship given up.—Situation of the Men on shore.*

Our passage to the Sandwich Islands was quick and pleasant. On the 6th of December we made Owhyhee, stood along shore towards Toyhoy-bay, and ran in. Finding no natives came off, we sent the whale-boat on shore to know what was the reason. The boat soon returned with an account that the natives were celebrating their annual festival, called Muckka-hitee. This festival lasts a month, during which time a canoe is not allowed to go on salt water. We also heard, that king Tameameah was then at the village of Tyroa, his favourite residence; we made all sail for that place, where we arrived on the 10th, and came too with our only bower anchor off the Morai. No canoes being allowed to come off, Captain Jennings went on shore to see the king; in the evening the boat returned with some hogs and tarrow. The king Tameameah told Captain Jennings if he would go to the Island of Wahoo,



and remain until the Muckka-hitee was over, he should be then able to agree with him about the purchase of the ship. We accordingly left Tyroa; when we got our anchor up, we found one arm broken off. We made all sail for Woahoo, and on the 14th arrived off the harbour. Captain Jennings went on shore, and sent off an anchor. We then came too outside the reef, in 14 fathoms over a sandy bottom, and on the 18th we got into the harbour. We found the king's brig had returned from Canton, and was laid up. We found here the brig Bourdeaux packet, which had been purchased from the Americans about a month before. A large ship, called the Myrtle, was condemned by the Russians, and hauled on shore. We moored close to the shore and saluted the fort, which was returned by them. In the night it came on to blow very hard from the N. E., and continued for several days.

We sent John Carpenter on shore, and discharged him of the crew. The Taboo was still on, consequently none of the natives came on board. On the 24th of December, the Muckka-hitee being over, the king's prime minister, named Kreymokoo, commonly called Pitt, came on board with all the chiefs, accompanied by John Young, to inspect the vessel, previous to their purchasing of her. They seemed much astonished at our large battery guns; we got one on deck, and, mounting it, fired several rounds of shot, at which the chiefs were much pleased, and the natives crowded from all parts of the island to see the poo'nu'ee, as they call a great gun. They were all very particular in measuring its length, breadth, and size of the bore. After the chiefs had carefully inspected every part of the brig, John Young was asked his opinion of her. He told Mr. Pitt she would answer their purpose very well. Kreymokoo upon this agreed to give twice the full of the vessel of sandal-wood for her, to be delivered in a space of time not exceeding six months, and that we should hold possession of the vessel till all the wood was delivered, and that we were to be found in provisions while we remained on the island. An agreement was drawn up and signed by Captain Jennings and Kreymokoo. The next day being Christmas-day, we invited all the chiefs and respectable white men on the island to dine with us on shore; we spent a most pleasant day, and the chiefs remained with us to a late hour. We had a dinner cooked apart for the chiefs' wives, as they were not allowed to eat with the men. Next day we took on board the king's taxes, and, January 11th, 1818, we sailed for Owwhyhee, the brig loaded with provisions and cloth of the country, this being the time at which the natives pay their half-year's taxes. We had also a number of chiefs on board, and about 400 natives, men, women, and children. There was scarcely room to move on the decks or in the cabin; even the chains, tops, and bowsprit were crowded with them. We touched at Mowee, where they all landed for a few days, and nothing went forward but feasting and rejoicing. On the 16th, the chiefs

again came on board, and we got underweigh for Owwhyhee, the ship, as before, full of natives. In crossing the channel, between Mowee and Owwhyhee, we were near upsetting the vessel, being top heavy, from the number of them on deck and about the rigging. On the 18th, we anchored off Tyroa, and Tameameah came on board. On his approach, all the natives jumped overboard, and left us clear decks. We commenced firing a salute, when the king called out to us, in a pleasant tone, to stop, as the powder was now his, and he wanted it for other purposes, probably for the Russians, if they should come to trouble him. He was delighted with the large guns; and the natives came on board, as at Woahoo, to see the poo'nu'ee. Their fame was soon spread over the island, but the next day we landed them, and by that means got rid of the curious natives; they were placed in a square in front of the royal residence, where thousands of the people were daily collected to look at them. Tameameah found one fault with them, which was, that they took too much powder, (a charge being 4 lbs.,) but he took all our small arms, powder, and every thing he thought would be useful to him, and made the brig over to his son and heir Rieo Rieo. On the 26th of January, we sailed from Owwhyhee towards Mowee, with our usual cargo of natives; next day we anchored in Lehina Roads, and took on board the king's taxes, and made sale for Woahoo. In our passage down, during the night, a star shot very vividly—the natives gave a sudden scream, and told us that the star shooting foretold the death of an Owwhyhee chief. On the 1st of February we arrived at Woahoo; in crossing the reef the brig took the ground, but was soon lightened by the natives jumping overboard and swimming on shore. About a week after our arrival, a chief, named Tereacoo died suddenly; he went to bed well over night, and in the morning got up, and, according to custom, smoked a pipe, after which he lay down and died. All the natives were immediately tabooed, or prohibited from going on the water; just as he appeared to be in great grief, crying and making a dreadful noise. They commenced knocking out their teeth, cutting off their hair, and burning their flesh with the bark of a tree; both men and women going about quite naked, to demonstrate their grief.

On the death of the chief, the priests assembled; they fenced the house in for about fifty yards square with wands, having white flags flying on them. None of the natives dare come inside this fence, though several thousands of them were collected round it. There was a large fire made on the outside of the house and inside of the fence or prohibited space; the priests then began cutting up the body. They brought the heart out, and set it in the fire, praying very devoutly while it was burning; after which they collected the ashes, put them into a calabash, or gourd, slung it to a pole, and spread a beautiful feather cloak over it. Then two of the chiefs, Hikanees, or confidential men, took the pole on their shoul-

ders, and ran towards the water, crying out very loud, "Noho, noho!" (which means sit or lie down;) as these men passed, all the natives lay down and stripped themselves. They walked up to their middle in water, and deposited the ashes; afterwards the liver and all the inside were treated in the same manner. At sundown this part of the ceremony ceased, and a crier went round the village, calling out, that if any man, woman, or child, were seen out of their houses, or showed a light or fire, or even smoked a pipe, after 8 o'clock that evening, they would instantly be put to death. These restrictions extended not only to the white people, but even to the ships in the harbour; nay, hogs, dogs, fowls, &c. were not allowed to be out, least they should make a noise, nor were the ships suffered to strike the bells next morning.

At sunrise the Taboo was taken off the ships, but still remained in force on shore. This day the priests were employed burning the flesh off the bones, and scraping them quite clean; the ashes were deposited in the sea; the bones were then carefully packed up, and a large double canoe dispatched with them to Owwhyhee. Six hours after the canoe sailed, the Taboo was taken off the bay, and canoes were allowed to go on the water;—in this manner they employ ceremonies towards all the people of rank. The common people dig up the bogs of their relatives after the flesh is rotted from them, scrape and clean them well, wrap them up in cloth, put them into calabashes, or gourds, and hang them up in their houses.

We lay in the harbour until the 17th of March, 1818, without any thing particular occurring, until that day, when we received orders from Tameameah to proceed to the island of Atooi for a cargo of sandal-wood. Teymotoo, or Cox, with several other chiefs, came on board. We made sail, and on the following day came too in Whynea Roads. One mile from the village, the English ensign was displayed on a very fine fort, mounting about thirty guns; the natives came off in great numbers; they informed us that the Russians had built the fort, in which there were dungeons, and had actually gone so far as to confine some white men and natives. The Russians advised Tamoooree, king of Atooi, to shake off Tameameah's yoke, and declare war against him, in which they would assist him; they made him a present of a schooner, and he gave them in return a large tract of land. Tama'honreerance, the head chief under Tamoooree, was averse to these proceedings. The Russians wished to send Tamoooree to Petersburg, but could never get him on board. At length Tamoooree discovered that they wished to possess themselves of the island; he consulted with his chiefs, returned their schooner, (which they refused,) and ordered them on board their ships, three of which were lying in a snug harbour at the west end of the island. They resisted, and a scuffle ensued, in which three Russians and several natives were killed, but the latter at last forced them on board, and Doctor Shepham made his escape to Canton in an American vessel. The Russian ships

went to Norfolk Sound. This fort does great credit to the engineer; it is situated on a high point at the entrance of the river, and protects the whole town. The king, chiefs, and about 150 warriors live within it, and keep a regular guard; they have a number of white men for the purpose of working the guns, &c.

Our chiefs landed, and were well received by Tamooré; and the next morning they commenced sending wood on board. About 500 canoes were employed in bringing it off, and by the 25th of March we had the ship quite full. The king behaved extremely well, and sent us off plenty of hogs and vegetables. Our chiefs came on board, as did also some Atooi chiefs. We weighed and made sail for Woahoo, where we anchored the next day, landed our wood, and lay until the 19th, when we took on board a cargo of salt for the west end of Woahoo. Next day we sailed for Whymea-bay, on the west end of the island, to get another cargo of wood. In our passage we touched at Wyeni, and took on board some wood and hogs. We lay here for a few days, and then sailed along shore for Whymen, where we arrived on the 23rd, threw our ballast out, and took on board a full cargo of wood in thirty-six hours—more than 200 canoes employed in bringing it off, day and night. We weighed and made sail for Hononora, where we arrived on the 28th, and sent the wood on shore. On the 1st of May, 1818, we had all our wood on shore and stored. On the 2nd of ditto, we hauled down the English colours, and hoisted the island colours, saluting them with seven guns; we then gave the ship up to Kreykokoo, or Pitt, and went on shore to the houses prepared for our reception. It was with the greatest regret I left the ship, for it seemed as if I had lost my home; and in fact it was some time before I felt myself at all comfortable. I had sailed on board the Columbia from August, 1813, to May, 1818, a period of nearly five years; when she left England, the crew consisted of twenty-five persons, and when we sold the vessel at these islands, the steward and a black man (who had been for several years with me in the West-India trade) and myself were all that remained, and even these left before the vessel was given up. Our houses were the largest and most pleasantly situated of any in the village, and fronting the harbour; (they were built by four different villages, each taking a house to build and furnish,) and quite finished in three days. They consisted of two sleeping-houses and two eating-houses, (the one for women and the other for men;) the sleeping-houses and womens' eating-house were surrounded by a fence fifty yards square; the men's eating-house was outside of this fence, but fenced in like manner, with a door that led from the sleeping-house fence to it. The houses are built in the following manner: they begin by driving stakes in the ground eight feet high and three feet apart, forked at the upper ends, in which forks are laid handsome straight poles; the ridge-pole is raised by temporary stakes, the rafters are forked at the lower ends, which rest on the forks

of the uprights; the upper ends of the rafters cross each other on the ridge-pole, and are well lashed to it; a second ridge-pole is now placed in the cross of the rafters above the first one, to which it is well lashed; they then tie on neat twigs or canes, in the manner of laths, and thatch the house all over with dry grass or leaves of the tee-root. There was a door and two windows in the end. The interiors were beat down quite hard, and a quantity of rushes strewed smooth, and well covered with a large coarse mat, made the size of the house, above which others were laid of a finer quality. At one end was built a large bed-place, stuffed with dry grass, and covered neatly with mats. Along each side were built sofas, stuffed and covered the same as the bed, to keep which out of sight there was a light partition. In front of the house was built a raini, or shed, covered with the branches of cocoa-nut-trees, and here also a sofa was built. The square in front of the house was strewed each morning with green rushes. We had a man from Tameaneah who acted as steward, and whose business it was to find us in every thing we wanted. We had also a watchman to walk round the houses at night, to give the alarm of fire, which happens frequently.

### Original Correspondence.

*Letters of David Hume, continued.*

NO. VI.

My Dear Smith,—"I have been three days at Paris, and two at Fontainebleau, and have every where met with the most extraordinary honours, which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The Compliments of Dukes and Marshals of France, and foreign Ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present: I retain a Relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the Ladies. All the Courtiers, who stood around when I was introduced to M<sup>de</sup>. de Pompadour, assur'd me, that she was never heard to say so much to any man; and her Brother, to whom she introduced me,—"But I forget already, that I am to scorn all the civilities of Men. However, even M<sup>de</sup>. Pompadour's civilities were, if possible, exceeded by those of the Dutchess de Choiseul, the Wife of the favourite and prime Minister, and one of the Ladies of the most distinguish'd merit in France. Not contented with the very obliging things she said to me on my first introduction, she sent to call me from the other end of the room, in order to repeat them, and to enter into a short conversation with me; And not contented with that, she sent the Danish Ambassador after me, to assure me, that what she said was not from politeness, but that she seriously desir'd to be in friendship and correspondence with me. There is not a Courtier in France, who would not have been transported with joy, to have had the half of these obliging things said to him by either of these great Ladies;

but what may appear more extraordinary, both of them, as far as I could conjecture, have read with some care all my Writings that have been translated into French, that is, almost all my Writings. The King said nothing particular to me, when I was introduced to him; and (can you imagine it) I was become so silly, as to be a little mortify'd by it, till they told me, that he never says any thing to any body the first time he sees them. The Dauphin, as I am told from all hands, declares himself on every occasion very strongly in my favour; and many people assure me, that I have reason to be proud of his judgement, even were he an individual. I have scarce seen any of the Geniuses of Paris, who, I think, have in general great merit, as men of letters; But every body is forward to tell me the high panegyrics I receive from them; and you may believe that approbation which has procured me all these civilities from the Courtiers.

I know you are ready to ask me, my dear friend, if all this does not make me very happy? No, I feel little or no difference. As this is the first letter I write to my friends at home, I have amus'd myself, (and I hope I have amus'd you) by giving you a very abridg'd Account of these transactions: But can I ever forget, that it is the very same Species, that would scarce show me common civilities a very few years ago at Edinburgh, who now receive me with such Applauses at Paris? I assure you, I reap more internal satisfaction from the very amiable manners and character of the family in which I live, (I mean Lord & Lady Hartford and Lord Beauchamp) than from all these external Vanities; and it is that domestic enjoyment which must be considered as the agreeable circumstance in my situation. During the two last days in particular, that I have been at Fontainebleau, I have suffer'd (the expression is not improper) as much flattery, as almost any Man has ever done in the same time: But there are few days in my life, when I have been in good health, that I would not rather pass over again. Mr. Neville, our Minister, an honest worthy English Gentleman, who carry'd me about, was astonish'd at the civilities I met with; and has assur'd me, that on his return, he will not fail to inform the King of England and the English Ministry of all these particulars.

But enough of all these follies: You see I trust to your Friendship, that you will forgive me; and to your Discretion, that you will keep my secret.

I had almost forgot, in these effusions, shall I say of my Misanthropy or my Vanity, to mention the subject which first put my pen in my hand. The Baron d'Holbac, whom I saw at Paris, told me, that there was one under his eye that was translating your Theory of Moral Sentiments; and desired me to inform you of it: Mr. Fitzmaurice, your old friend, interests himself strongly in this undertaking: Both of them wish to know, if you propose to make any alterations on the Work, and desire you to inform me of your intentions in that particular. Please direct to me under cover to the Earl of Hartford at

\* Dr. Adam Smith.



Northumberland House London. Letters so directed will be sent to us at Paris. I desire my Compliments to all friends. I am My Dear Smith Yours sincerely,

(Sd.) DAVID HUME.

Fountainbleau  
26. Oct. 1763.

No. VII.

Dear Smith,—I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkaldy from my windows: But as I wish also to be within speaking terms of you, I wish we could concert measures for that purpose. I am mortally sick at sea, and regard with horror, and a kind of hydrophobia, the great gulph\* that lies between us. I am also tired of travelling, as much as you ought naturally to be, of staying at home. I therefore propose to you to come hither, and pass some days with me in this solitude. I want to know what you have been doing, and propose to exact a rigorous account of the method, in which you have employ'd yourself during your retreat. I am positive you are in the wrong in many of your speculations, especially when you have the misfortune to differ from me. All these are reasons for our meeting, and I wish you would make me some reasonable proposal for that purpose. There is no habitation on the Island of Inchkeith† otherwise I should challenge you to meet me on that spot, and neither of us to leave the place, till we were fully agreed on all points of controversy. I expect General Conway here tomorrow, whom I shall attend to Roseneath, and I shall remain there a few days. On my return, I expect to find a letter from you, containing a bold acceptance of this defiance. I am Dear Smith Yours sincerely

(Sd.) DAVID HUME.

James's Court,  
29 of Augt. 1763.

No. VIII.

Dear Smith,—I shall give you an Account of the late heterosclite Exploits of Rousseau, as far as I can recollect them: There is no need of any Secrecy: They are most of them pretty public, and are well known to every body that had curiosity to observe the Actions of that strange, undefineable Existence, whom one would be apt to imagine an imaginary Being, tho' surely not an *Itis rationis*.

I believe you know, that in Spring last, Rousseau apply'd to General Conway, to have his pension. The General answered to Mr. Davenport, who carry'd the application, that I was expected to town in a few days; and without my consent and approbation he would take no steps in that affair. You may believe I readily gave my consent: I also solicited the affair, thro' the treasury; and the whole being finished, I wrote to Mr. Davenport, and desired him to inform his guest, that he needed only appoint any person to receive payment. Mr. Davenport answered me, that it was out of his power to execute my commission: For that his wild Philosopher as he called him had

eloped of a sudden, leaving a great part of his baggage behind him, some money in Davenport's hands, and a letter on the table, as odd, he says, as the one he wrote to me, and implying that Mr. Davenport was engaged with me in a treacherous Conspiracy against him. He was not heard of for a fortnight, till the Chancellor receiv'd a letter from him, dated at Spalding in Lincolnshire; in which he said, that he had been seduced into this country by a promise of hospitality, that he had met with the worst usage, that he was in danger of his life from the plots of his Enemies, and that he applied to the Chancellor, as the first civil Magistrate of the Kingdom, desiring him to appoint a guard at his own (Rousseau's) Expense, who might safely conduct him out of the kingdom. The Chancellor made his Secretary reply to him, that he was mistaken in the nature of the Country, for that the first post boy he could apply to, was as safe a Guide as the Chancellor could appoint. At the very same time that Rousseau wrote this letter to the Chancellor, he wrote to Davenport, that he had eloped from him, actuated by a very natural desire, that of recovering his liberty; but finding he must still be in captivity, he preferred that at Wootton: For his captivity at Spalding was intolerable beyond all human patience, and he was at present the most wretched being on the face of the globe: He would therefore return to Wootton, if he were assured that Davenport would receive him. Here I must tell you, that the Parson of Spalding was about two months ago in London, and told Mr. Fitzherbert, from whom I had it, that he had passed several hours every day with Rousseau, while he was in that place; that he was cheerful, good humoured, easy, and enjoy'd himself perfectly well, without the least fear or complaint of any kind. However this may be, our Hero, without waiting for any answer, either from the Chancellor or Mr. Davenport, decamps on a sudden from Spalding, and takes the road directly to Dover; whence he writes a letter to General Conway seven pages long, and full of the wildest extravagance in the world. He says, that he had endur'd a captivity in England, which it was impossible any longer to submit to: It was strange, that the greatest in the Nation, and the whole Nation itself, should have been seduced by one private man, to serve his vengeance against another private man; He found in every face that he was here the object of general derision and aversion, and he was therefore infinitely desirous to remove from this country. He therefore begs the General to restore him to his liberty, and allow him to leave England; He warns him of the danger there may be of cutting his throat in private; as he is unhappily a man too well known, not to have enquiries made after him, should he disappear of a sudden: He promises, on condition of his being permitted to depart the Kingdom, to speak no ill of the King or Country, or Ministers, or even of Mr. Hume: As indeed says he, I have perhaps no reason; my jealousy of him having probably arisen from my own suspicious temper, sour'd by

misfortunes. He says, that he wrote a Volume of Memoirs, chiefly regarding the treatment he has met with in England; he has left it in safe hands, and will order it to be burned, in case he be permitted to go beyond seas, and nothing shall remain to the dishonour of the King and his Ministers. This letter is very well wrote, so far as regards the style and composition; and the author is so vain of it, that he has given about Copies, as of a rare production. It is indeed, as General Conway says, the Composition of a whimsical man, not of a madman. But what is more remarkable, the very same post, he wrote to Davenport, that having arrived within sight of the Sea, and finding that he was really at liberty to go or stay, as he pleas'd, he had intended voluntarily to return to him; but seeing in a Newspaper an Account of his departure from Wootton, and concluding his offences were too great to be forgiven, he was resolv'd to depart for France: Accordingly, without any farther preparation, and without waiting General Conway's answer, he took his passage in a packet boat, and went off that very Evening. Thus you see, he is a composition of whim, affectation, wickedness, vanity, and Inquietude, with a very small if any ingredient of madness. He is always complaining of his health; yet I have scarce ever seen a more robust little man of his years: He was tired in England, where he was neither persecuted nor caressed, and where, he was sensible, he had exposed himself: He resolv'd therefore to leave it; and having no pretence, he is obliged to contrive all those absurdities, which he himself, extravagant as he is, gives no credit to. At least, this is the only key I can devise to his character. The ruling Qualities abovemention'd, together with Ingratitude, Ferocity, and Lying, I need not mention Eloquence and Invention, form the whole of the Composition.

When he arrived at Paris, all my friends, who were likewise all his, agreed totally to neglect him: The public too disgusted with his multiply'd and indeed criminal Extravagancies, show'd no manner of concern about him. Never was such a Fall from the time I took him up, about a year and a half before. I am told by D'Alembert and Horace Walpole, that, sensible of this great alteration, he endeavour'd to regain his credit by acknowledging to every body his fault with regard to me: But all in vain: He has retir'd to a village in the mountains of Auvergne, as M. Durand tells me, where nobody enquires after him. He will probably endeavour to recover his fame by new publications; and I expect with some curiosity the reading of his Memoirs, which will, I suppose, suffice to justify me in every body's Eyes, and in my own, for the publication of his letters and my narrative of the Case. You will see by the papers, that a new letter of his to M. D., which I imagine to be Davenport, is published. This letter was probably wrote immediately on his arrival at Paris; or perhaps is an effect of his usual inconsistency: I do not much concern myself which: Thus he has had the satisfaction, during a time, of being much talk'd

\* The Frith of Forth.

† A barren Island in the Frith of Forth.

of, for his late transactions; the thing in the world he most desires: But it has been at the Expense of being consign'd to perpetual neglect and oblivion.—My compliments to Mr. Oswald; and also to Mrs. Smith. I am Dear Smith, Yours sincerely

(Sd.) DAVID HUME.

London, 8. of Oct. 1767.

P. S. Will you be in town next Winter.

#### JACOBITE RELICS AND ANECDOTES.

SIR,—I some time ago observed in your Gazette, and in other periodical works, extracts from Mr. Hogg's "Collection of Jacobite Songs," and though, with all humility, I acknowledge myself quite incompetent to judge of the qualities which constitute the merit of much of the old poetry I hear admired, I do confess I was disappointed in most of these specimens. There seems to me extreme coarseness in the thoughts, and much vulgarity in the language; and little point, or wit, or sentiment, to counterbalance these great defects. It appears to me, that the strongest feelings they are likely to excite, are those of disgust and scorn of the cause they commemorate; which, as you truly say, in spite of Dr. King and others having torn the veil of romance through which Scottish hearts and eyes viewed it, is still contemplated with a throb and a tear.

Being descended from those who adhered, with heart and hand, through every gradation of their misfortunes, to the cause of our departed native princes, and passing much of my time with the few remaining members of some such families, the reliques of an age now passed away, and who yet stand here and there like venerable and blasted trees amongst the thickets of later years, I have, from my childhood, been familiar with many songs, and fragments of songs; some of which, I find, to be different readings of those published by Hogg; and some entirely different words to the same tune, and on the same subject. Perhaps my long familiarity with them is the cause of my preference; yet I do think, if it is any merit, that they are less low and coarse. That there should be many different readings of such poetry is most natural. They were, for many years, enthusiastically sung by people of every rank in the nation—from the noble to the peasant—from the chieftain to the clansman—from the lady to the scullion. And, during the lapse of 70 or 80 years, they would inevitably take the tint of their thoughts and language from the different classes of mind, and the different ranks in society through which they have been transmitted to the present day.

The few extracts I send you, were learned from the Ladies of the Olden Time; some of whom had seen Prince Charles, when he kept his transient court at Holyrood—Ladies who remembered the last Minstrel in Scotland, and who had seen the Fiery Cross sent round for the last time! Only a little time has elapsed since the last of these aged and most inestimable of women departed to a better world.

If I find you make any use of these old

songs, it may induce me to send you trifles of a similar description.\* Meanwhile I subjoin two anecdotes which I have had, from what I considered the best authority, which, perhaps, you may choose to insert in your Gazette:—

While his present Majesty was Prince of Wales, a gentleman, one day, presented to him Major Macfarlane, adding, "the grandson of the celebrated Flora Mac Donald." Upon which the Prince instantly gave him his hand, saying, "Major Macfarlane, your grandmother saved this nation from indelible disgrace." Had his Royal Highness thought of the subject for a week, he could have said nothing more appropriate and gratifying.

At one period, before her marriage, our late dear Princess collected a number of reliques and curiosities of different kinds; and one day, Mr. Foster, of St. Martin's Lane, waited on her with some articles which he had procured. He had, once or twice, in presenting them, said, this or that belonged "to the Pretender." At last her Royal Highness stopped him, with—"Pray, Mr. Foster, do you mean Prince Charles Stuart? Was he not a Prince? I think him one, and request you to mention him as a prince in my presence." Her precise words may have been altered in transmission through several mouths; but of the truth of their being of this import I am certain. I was told of the circumstance by George Chalmers, Esq. author of "Caledonia," in 1816

#### German Lairdie.

Lord! wha's this we've gotten now?

Some wee bit German Lairdie!

And when they gaed to bring him hame,  
He was delving in his kail yardie.

The thing it glow'd and clawed its head,  
And strokit its wee bit beardie;  
Laid by its spade and scrapit its shoon,  
And steekit the door o' the yardie.

Put on its wig and braw new breeks—  
Ye ken this was a rare day!  
And pretty seemed in whiggish e'en  
This braw wee German Lairdie.

It brushed its coat baith trig and clean,  
And cried "ist dies ein fair day?"  
Mein coot new poots vil smutchy be,  
If das die vay be yerdy."

They set him in a coach so fine,  
And bade him ne'er fash his beardie;  
The whigs would coble and clean his shoon  
When he was England's Lairdie.

But let us sing—God save the King,  
Our King through foul or fair day,  
In spite o' wigs, or breeks or Whigs  
O' this same German Lairdie.

#### For a' that and a' that.

Tuo' Geordie sits in Jamie's place,

Is he our king for a' that?

Can he be like our royal race,

That's come o' guid kens wha yet?

For a' that and a' that, and ten times mair than  
a' that,

He's far out o'er the hills the night,  
But, aye, our king for a' that.

\* We thank our unknown Correspondent, and, cordially agreeing with her opinions, are well pleased to insert her interesting communications.—Ed.

Let Geordie sit on Jamie's throne,  
Keep pageant state, and a' that;  
Ay—let him wear our prince's crown,  
Wha thinks him king for a' that?  
For a' that and a' that, and ten times mair than  
a' that,

Our hearts aye tell us whase the king,  
Tho' he be far awa yet.

That he should reign in Jamie's stead,  
I'm griev'd—but winna shaw that;  
I'll ne'er cast down—nor hing my head,  
For rebel whigs and a' that.

For a' that, &c.

He's far o'er hills and seas the night  
That I lo'e best for a' that.

We will recruit our hearts again,  
And gather men, and a' that;  
Fill up the places o' the slain,  
An may be ding them a' yet.

For a' that, &c.

Then he'll come owre the seas again,  
And we'll be blythe for a' that.

But what will a' the Whigs say then,  
When they're defeat, and a' that?  
When Geordie mair lay down the crown—  
The hat—the wig—and a' that?

Wi' a' that, &c.

He'll slap their lugs, and flyte and bann,  
In his ain German jaw yet.

The fire will get baith hat and wig,  
As oft times its got a' that;  
And leave him nought but his bare pow,  
And scarce a nail to claw that.

For a' that and a' that—his rage and din for  
a' that,

In time o' need, he'll find his Whigs  
Mak nought but sport o' a' that.

#### Johnie Cope.

FAITH, Johnie Cope, man, ye rin weel,  
Belike ye thought ye saw the deil,  
When ye took leg-bail up the hill,  
And left us yon bonny morning.  
The highland lads rin no that ill,  
There's few like them can mount a hill,  
But, faith, wi' you, they tint a' skill,  
Sic speed as ye made yon morning.

Ye sent a challenge frae Dunbar,  
Saying, "Charlie, meet me gin, ye daur,  
"And I'll teach you the art o' war,  
"And fighting in the morning."  
Your art o' war we need na dread,  
Tho', faith, it stood you in guid stead,  
When ye turned tail, wi' sic fell speed,  
And over the hills yon morning!

When Charlie looked the challenge o'er,  
He cried, as he drew his good claymore,  
"Come, follow me, my lads, o'er moss and moor,  
"To meet Johnie Cope in the morning."  
"Now, Johnie, be as guid's your word,  
"And let us try baith fire and sword,  
"And dinna flee awa, like a frightful bird,  
"That's scared frae her nest in the morning."

Swith, now, Johnie, get up and rin,  
The highland bag-pipes mak a din,  
Its best to sleep in your ain hale skin,  
And this 'll be a bluidy morning.

So when pur Johnie heard of this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss,  
To hae a horse in readiness,

For the help o' his heels in the morning.

As soon as he heard their fearfu' fire,  
He judg'd it time he should retire,  
And scow'd wi' his horse o'er bog and mire,  
And ne'er look'd abint him that morning.

Thro' Berwick town he rode rid wud,  
As tho' the deil were in his fud,  
And splashed out o'er the lugs wi' mud,  
Wi' the fear that he got that morning.

They said ye were as white as snaw,  
But may be that's no true at a',  
Ye ken 'twas but your back they saw,  
And none could judge that morning.  
And, mind ye, Johnie, yon day when  
They spiered at you where were your men,  
Ye cried, "Deil tak me gin I ken,  
"For I left them a' in the morning."

Quoth Lord Mark Carr, "Faith, ye're no blate,  
"To leave your men in sic a state,  
"And flee wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
"Sae early in the morning."  
Puir soul! ye cried, "I got sic flegs,  
"Wi' their lang claymores and their philabegs,  
"Gin I face them again—deil-break my legs,  
"So I wish you a' a guid morning."

Perhaps home-sickness was never more strongly expressed than in the following simple lines, which strike me the more forcibly, as I got them from France.

HAME—hame!—hame! hame fain would I be!  
Oh, hame—hame—hame in my ain countrie!  
When the flower is in the bud and the leaf on the tree, [countrie.

The larks shall sing me hame in my ain  
Hame—hame—hame! hame fain would I see!  
Oh! were I but hame in my ain countrie!

The green leaf of Loyalty's begun for to fa',  
The bonny White Rose it is withering and a';  
But I'll water't wi' the bluid o' usurping  
tyrannie,

And fresh it shall blow in my ain countrie.  
Oh! there is nought from ruin the White Rose  
can save,

But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave;  
That a' the noble martyrs that died for Loyalty,  
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

The great now are gane who attempted to save  
The White Rose—and low lie the heads of the  
brave, [me—

Yet the Sun thro' the mist seems to promise to  
"I will shine on you yet in your ain countrie."  
Oh, hame—hame—hame! hame fain would I  
see!

Oh! were I but hame in my ain countrie!

### Fine Arts.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.  
BY ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.

THE second Number of this elegant and delightful publication has just appeared; and it might be a sufficient encomium upon it to say, that it surpasses the first. This fact is honourable to the work and to the Arts—for it shows that better than good faith is kept with the public, and that the excellence of the British School of engraving, is not to be estimated entirely by the past, when every succeeding example is rich with improvement. The Vignette to this production, (which illustrates the "Taming of the Shrew,") is exquisite both in design and in execution: we have hardly seen any thing more sweet and delicate. The five engravings are, 1st, the *Induction*, Sc. 2. and represents Christopher Sly at the moment (we guess) in which he is saying to the (Page) Lady—

"'Tis much—servants leave me and her alone."

The expression is arch, the grouping simple and natural, the varieties tell the story well, and the plate is prettily finished: W. Finden

is the artist. The second is by C. Heath from the play, Act II. Sc. 1, the first encounter of Catherine and Petruchio; the attitudes are characteristic, the engraving charming. The next is from Act III. Sc. 2. and represents the mad husband with his sword drawn, bearing home his curst but astonished bride: the engraving is by Edward Portbury, neat, though rather dark. The fourth is the ludicrous scene between Gremio and his Mistress, and admirably done: both figures are finely conceived, and Mr. Heath has done them every possible justice on the copper. The last is Catherine's palinode, with the friends at table: it is very charmingly engraved by J. Romney; and to sum up all these points are worthy of the text they are made to adorn.

### Original Poetry.

#### THE POET'S TOMB.

How sweetly rests the Poet's head  
Beneath the turf, his silent bed,  
He need not envy all the great,  
Nor all their monumental state;  
His is a sleep that cannot die,  
The sleep of Immortality.

His lyre is mute, his hand is cold,  
But oh! how bless'd his hallow'd mould!  
Genius shall leave his lofty sphere  
To look within, and drop a tear;  
Fame shall entwine the laurel round,  
And unseen lips shall kiss the ground.

J. S. H.

March 27th, 1821.

#### Sonnet.

Le Chat dort, et la Nuit s'approche.

I WILL not hurt thee, sleek and gentle mouse,  
Although you nib my cheese and spoil my bread;  
No cat have I, to scare thee from the house,  
For she, alas! poor Scacco, now is dead.

Then fly not, little prowler, but remain,  
And take the bits which from my table fall;  
You're very welcome, nor will I complain,  
If, in a hungry fit, you eat up all.

Think not that Jenny\* will thy life destroy,  
(Jenny is he who wears the scowling brow,)  
His look, indeed, is stern; but then, my boy,  
His heart's not wholly flint, I do avow.

So eat, and stuff thy little jacket well,  
Feasts do not often come, that I can tell.

J. H.

#### Sonnet.

CHOSEN of thee, henceforth I consecrate  
Whate'er of life remains to soothe thy grief;  
And I will weep with thee like a fond mate,  
With tears to sorrow minist'ring relief:—  
And, if it please thee, I will change the measure  
To joy—and playfully I'll while away  
Thy care, and bid a sunny smile to play  
Upon thy cheek suffused once more with pleasure:—

I'll ever watch thine unconfess'd desires,  
Fondly to do their import—and I'll blend  
The varied duties, as thy mood requires,  
Of wife, or mistress, sister, servant, friend—  
This—this I'll do—and in thine arms resign  
All other glory, save—that thou art mine!—

24th Sept.

C.

\* An acquaintance—un peu sourdilleux.

#### SONG.

Or what you like to call it.

SAV'D from the rolling billow,  
And rescued from the wave,  
My harp on yonder willow,  
No more my song shall brave:—  
O'er its sad strings no finger  
Shall ever sweep again;  
Why do my footsteps linger?  
Why fly they not from pain!  
Oh! Spirit of the morning,  
In silence pass ye by,—  
With dreams of life adorning,  
Wake not its minstrelsy:—  
But onwards gently sweeping,  
Regard love's fervent sigh;  
In silent rapture sleeping,  
Its hopeless—tearless eye!

E.

For the Literary Gazette.

MR. EDITOR.—If your Worship likes the above, pray insert it; if otherwise, do pray let it alone: however, as it is not the first, I hope it will not be the last deemed worthy of insertion.

I have so long been a stranger to your pages, I continue to be so doubtful of my own merit, and yet so jealous of my rising fame, that I should have sent you a packet of papers, containing Translations from Oriental Literature, and Poetry, if I could have persuaded myself that they would be "gratefully," if not commendably "received." However, you must let me know your wishes, and your curiosity at least shall be gratified;—only, in your Notices to Correspondents, do not belabour poor devils at the unmerciful rate you have hitherto done. In haste. Your's as usual,

E.

P. S.—Will you have a translation or two from Dante, Goethe, or Schiller? Let me know, for in this way my brain is as fruitful as a hot-bed.

On the Bankruptcy of a Person of the name of HOMER.

THAT Homer should a bankrupt be,  
Is not so very Odd d'ye see;  
If it be true, as I'm instructed,  
So ILL-HE-HAD his books conducted.

### Sketches of Society.

#### Wine and Walnuts;

OR, AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Michaelmas Goose.

A SNUG DINNER PARTY AT LITTLE CHELSEA.

"THERE goes Maty\* and Old Monsey," said Garrick, as he stood at Dr. Ducarel's

\* Dr. Matthew Maty, a native of Holland, who was not only reputed as a physician, but for his literary talents. He settled in England in the reign of George the 1st; became Secretary to the Royal Society, and was, for many years, principal Librarian of the British Museum.

Dr. Monsey and Garrick, who had been friends for a long season, at this period were not invited to the same table. Garrick had played upon the Doctor's credulity, and given him offence. Among other tricks, he persuaded Monsey, that one evening, being anxious to see a new actor at Covent Garden



bow window, "I suppose they have clubbed together for a chatter-box, and a pretty piece of antiquity it is. I'll be sworn its as old as the Doctor."

"That you may with safety," said old Squire Crawford, of Fox Ordinary, "for I can remember it on this road for fifty years at least, and it was a cripple then. Egad, I would not trust myself in such a leathern convenience, even across your bowling-green, for a trifle; for it would make a cripple of me. To be sure the two doctors together would not make half my weight; for one is skin-and-grief, and the other grief-and-skin. I'd wager a dozen of wine they are going to eat Michaelmas Goose and Mulligatawny, with Tiger Clarke,\* at Parsons' Green. Old Monsey, who finds fault with every thing, dined there this day two years, and swore he smelt the curry for a quarter of a mile; and Maty says his clothes perfumed the British Museum for a calendar month. Monsey moreover said, 'he shall not catch me in a net, bated with goose again—though one thing is certain, that I shall never dread meeting with another as old and as tough as he, for that must have been the parent stock, from the Armada-gander† down to the present Michaelmas, Old Stile, 1775.'"

"Talking of that chaise," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "I can furnish you with a history of it, which I picked up from one of the maids of honor,\* as I sat gossiping with Mr. Richard Dalton,† one evening lately, in St. James's Palace. This lady got the information from his Majesty, who appears to

Theatre, he got another dress† in his character to walk on the stage, and act as his substitute, whilst he posted off to gratify his curiosity; and that he hastened back, and re-assumed his part without discovery! This extravagant story was industriously propagated by Monsey the next day, and naturally procured him the raillery of all the wits.

\* Tiger Clarke, so called from the marvellous tales which he used to entertain his friends with of that terrific animal; particularly of one that was killed by a Hindoo girl, whose skull held a bushel of rice.

† The joyful tidings of the defeat of the Spanish Armada arrived on Michaelmas-day, and was communicated to Queen Elizabeth whilst at dinner, partaking of a goose. Hence the origin of eating that savory dish on Michaelmas-day.

\* Miss Beanclerck, who occupied the apartments next to Mr. Dalton's, on the ground-floor of St. James's Palace, looking into the gardens,—those which had been tenanted by Lady Yarmouth, of court celebrity, in the reign of George II.

† Richard Dalton, a portrait-painter, who obtained the notice of his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, who, soon after becoming king, employed him to go to Venice; where, in company with the brother of the Earl of But\*, he purchased the fine Canaletto which adorns the hall of Buckingham House, as well as the collection of choice books which formed the commencement of his Majesty's valuable library. Mr. Dalton was appointed Librarian, and subsequently Keeper of his Majesty's Drawings and Medals; and, at the decease of Mr. Knapp, had the appointment of Surveyor of the Pictures in the Royal Palaces.

know more of the domestic history of the county than any man in it. One day came down to Windsor a market gardener and his family, to keep the daughter's wedding; the young folks had a smart chariot, and their friends were equally well accommodated: but the father and mother, quite of a piece with the vehicle, joined the cavalcade in this identical chaise, which stands at the White Horse Inn, behind Chelsea Church, which you must know, Doctor—the Queen-Elizabeth-looking old building, at the bottom of the lane—there Dalton, who is curious in these inquiries, went to satisfy himself of the fact. "Do walk with me into the town," said his Majesty to the Queen; "be quick, and you may be in time to see a trait of true old English manners." Her Majesty, all attention to the honour of the King, was attired in an instant, when, taking the arm of her royal spouse, they walked briskly through the gate of the lower ward across to the White Hart, just in time to see the party, after their lunch, get into their carriages for an airing to the Forest. Little did the happy party dream of the motive that brought their Majesties there, when the King received the bows and curtesies of the whole family, and got into conversation with the old people, wished them joy of the happy occasion that brought them to Windsor, and saw the cavalcade proceed, overwhelmed with this royal and gracious condescension. "There, that is old Culpepper, a relation of Master Culpepper, author of the Herbalist,—(a book which all ladies should read," said the facetious King, laughing.)—"the father of fourteen fine sons and daughters,—who I remember bringing a cucumber six-and-twenty inches long to my grandfather at Kensington, when I was not four years old; and the hollow-backed chaise, in which he is now following his sons and daughters, was old Sir Hans Sloane's, made by John Aubrey, Queen Anne's coach-maker, in Long-acre, and given to him by her Majesty for curing her of a fit of the gout; and it has been an heir-loom to the White Horse, at Chelsea, for more than forty years. Sir Hans gave it to his old butler, whom he set up in the inn."

"Heighy-leighy! who comes here in such a fury?" said Squire Crawford; "Why—what the diggins—is that your neighbour, the old commissioner, in a new chariot?" "Wheugh—whe-e-ugh," whistled the astonished citizen. "Do you see that, Sir Joshua? Look, Mister Davey Garrick! see,

\* Squire Crawford, who changed his surname from \*\*\*\*\* for an estate, Squire being his christian name. This retired merchant was a collector of books and pictures, who made his purchases with greater liberality than judgment, and was often taken in by the stratagems of picture-dealers. He was much esteemed for his probity, and known to some of the first wits, for whom he was not unfrequently a match, as he had a fund of ready contrivance for repaying Garrick, and some other wags, in their own coin. The stick-story originated with Martin Folkes, who kept the scheme to himself. *Fox's Ordinary*, where the old Squire had a counting-house, is a well-built square court on the west side of Nicholas-lane.

Doctor! Ods-boddikins, they are going to raise old Ashmole's ghost; for look, there's long-legged Baillie\* and fatty Grose†. Well done, old exciseman; a captain on each side, planning a new campaign at Langford's, or Christie's. More pictures, more books; gallop away, dons. That's right, Jonathan; never mind posts and pales; drive over every thing, for my lady is in her tantarums. O! sir, there's no bearing this! the goose is done to rags—and the fish!—Oh! 'tis a sin and a shame!"

"Why, what—hey?—What does all this soliloquising mean, Squire? are you crazy, man?" said Garrick.

"Oh! nothing—purely a little family affair; Mister Commissioner is only (looking at his watch) forty-five minutes past his time.—Dawdling at some stupid auction, no doubt, says my lady—some trumpery new purchase.—Did you not see a shining gold frame in the carriage, Sir Joshua?"

"I did, sir," said the knight. "What, then the lady is very punctual, I presume; and I suspect not best pleased with these new purchases of the good man's?"

"You have hit it—you have knocked the right nail on the head, Sir Joshua. How the deuce do you old bachelors find these matters out?"

"I have witnessed these little aberrations of domestic felicity now and then," said Sir Joshua, smiling; "and I do not envy these worthy *captains* their reception."

"Envy them, man!" said Garrick, briskly,—"Why, they will be warmly received, no doubt; though I see no occasion for this mighty speed, for, between you and I, Squire, they will be in sufficient time to 'catch goose.'"

"Aye, aye, that they will, sure enough," replied the laughing citizen, "with no lack of *your sauce*, I warrant me, Mister Davey Garrick. That's right, madam, give it him; rate the brute; trim him well, madam. Pox take him—I hate your commissioners and your placemen—I hate the whole lot of them."

"Why, how now?" said Garrick, "are you becoming one of your thorough haters, too? Have you been tearing a leaf out of our friend, Sam Johnson's Moral Code; hey, squire? What have you been *smuggling*, that you have such a horror of your commissioners?"

"Not I, sir; but I know who has. Faith, I wish I could smuggle a little from these coxcombs. Surely those powdered placemen must have pretty perquisites—dainty pickings, as Johnny Wilkes says,—for I know that my library has cost me a world of money; but it is not half so valuable as that

\* Captain Baillie, who served under the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Preston Pans. A celebrated connoisseur, amateur painter and engraver in imitation of Rembrandt. Of whom more hereafter.

† Francis Grose, a captain in the Surrey Militia, author of *Antiquities of England, Wales, and Scotland*; a *Treatise on Ancient Armour*; a *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*; *Local Proverbs*; and a very ingenious *Treatise on the Art of Caricature*. A remarkably fat man; a humorist, and most lively companion.

old exciseman's, who is just now sneaking into the house, I take it, with the picture under his arm."

"Fire away, my Squire," said Caleb Whiteford, "as he fixed his seal upon a letter he had been writing for Woodfall's paper, whose messenger was waiting,—*"fire away; I have heard all this slander, thou fat Thugites, though I have said never a word; why, half thy ill-humour would fret another man's flesh to fiddle-strings."*

"Fire!—Egad, I wish I could shoot some of your wit at them, master Caleb, I would blow them up, and scatter the confederacy. One never can set foot at Langford's, nor Greenwood's, nor Christie's, nor any where else, but up starts some new *up-start* to oppose you, tooth and nail. They come in upon you in flights as thick as Scotchmen, and like these honest gentry, colleague together, *one and all*, as Johnny Wilkes says."

"A fig for Johnny Wilkes," replied Caleb, "here's a tickler for him; if that other good-for-nothing rogue, Woodfall, will have the grace to insert it; but I doubt it much, for your patriots are *one and all* too. So no more of your skits at my right noble country, if you please, Squire, or I shall take you in hand; and then you will be glad to *take your add cloak about ye, and gang awa* with a flea in your ear."

"I care nought for your squibs," said the doughty Citizen; "so I tell you there is no bearing this abomination: you cannot bid for a lot but your placemen run you up, and either make you come down with double its worth, or else sack it themselves. I have a notion these cunning gentry are in collusion with your auctioneers, who are as great rogues as the others. Whip them, but I contrived to carry off my Dugdale in spite of their teeth—the arrant cheats!"

"Stop, stop! not quite so fast, my Squire. Two heads are better than one, so says the old adage. Garrick, did you ever hear of a stick confederacy—hey, man? Here's a plain-dealing, grumbling Squire, rich as a Jew, who, with another rogue, Mister Goldstick in Waiting, hustled away with half the lots at old Ames's sale, and complains of being bit by your virtuosi—deuce take me, but the virtues of a rich cit are a match for your man of *virtu*, or there's a mighty revolution in morals;—What say you, Davey?"

"Say!" answered Garrick, laughing at the old Cit; "why, Master Crawford, thou art the most restless rider of any noisy squire that ever straddled a hobby-horse; you dash, helter-skelter, into the chace, and when you have won the brush, murmur at *losing leather*."

"Ha, ha, ha, haugh! that's well said; I own I am a little sore upon the subject—'tis a tender part, Master Garrick; but one thing I must be allowed to say, I would

\* Caleb Whiteford, inimitable in a certain cast of wit, and one of the most happily characterised in Goldsmith's Poem of "Ratification." Whiteford, for many years a wine-merchant in Craven-street, was the intimate friend and lively companion of all the brightest geniuses of the age. He was Vice President of the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, &c. in the Ad. 1781.

lose leather, or any thing else, rather than lose the society of such friends as you bring together, worthy Doctor," turning to Ducarel, "and when do you put the drinker on table—hey, my worthy host?—Faith, I am hungry as a hunter."

"Why, I have been waiting for that lazy Laurence," said Doctor Ducarel; "but I have given him half an hour's law, and cook says the venison will get no good, so I have ordered it up. This is a naughty trick of Master Sterne's; he is always in a bustle—and always too late."

"Ah!" said Squire Crawford, "that is a sin we never commit on the east of Temple-bar; no wonder Mr. Sterne is such a spectre; one would swear he was a poet by his looks—it makes a body low-spirited to behold him. I would willingly spare him a modicum of my corporation, to prepare him a warmer clothing for the coming winter; but, I fear, what he would gain in the flesh he would lose in the spirit; so, God mend us, Doctor—things are best ordained as they be."

"Yes," said Dr. Ducarel, "I question if we could mend them much; and as we used to write in our school copy-books, 'a contented mind is a continual feast,' and so, gentlemen, here's Rupert come to announce that —"

"Dinner is on table, Sir," said the old servant.

"Well, Rupert," said Garrick, as he descended to the dining-room, "well, honest Rupert; still out of place, I see."—Rupert smiled, and made his bow.

"Out of place," said Whiteford, "What?—I don't understand you!"

"Ah! that's a secret. Then you don't know that Rupert is a brother actor?" said the lively Garrick—"yes, sir; and egad one of the best of all the *strollers* that I have ever seen!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"And what is this story about the stick, I pray," said Garrick, "it is fitting I should know. Come, tell us, worthy Squire; so let us take a glass of wine together, and then out with it."

"Faith, 'tis a trick worth knowing," replied old Crawford; "and there are few secrets that wine will not command. I have often thought your cork-screw is the best pick-lock of a man's private concerns. But hark'ee, my good friend, (putting his finger on his lip,)—I am *deep as Garrick!*"

"You had better out with it," said Whiteford, "and take the credit of the stratagem; or I will impeach and make it my own."

"Tell it, man, and welcome, make it your own," said the old Cit, "whilst I quietly

\* Laurence Sterne.

\* Dr. Ducarel, with all his learning, was a great oddity. When he travelled, Rupert, his servant, passed at all the inns for an old friend of his coachman's—a servant out of place; and was allowed to wait upon the Doctor and his friend, Mr. Gale. These worthies travelled together to many parts of England, when the Doctor, after dinner, used to write his tour over the wine, whilst Mr. Gale enjoyed his pipe.

proceed with these good things. I am no friend to talking and eating at one and the same time; whilst I plough let others drive. There is good sense in having your trumpeters at a feast. Ha, ha! what think you of that, master Caleb? This is all fair, is it not, with us Free Vintners!—hey, master Caleb?"

"Quite fair," replied Whiteford; "and I am content to *play the trumpeter*, and proclaim your rogues. Know, then, gentlemen, that this murmuring money-making merchant and banker, this huge collector, who censures the crying sin of Scottish confederacies, is himself in collusion with half the auctioneers in town. Is not this gospel?" said Caleb.

"Go on," answered the Citizen. "Well, then, Squire Crawford says, '*as long as I hold my gold-headed cane under my chin, mark—that is a bidding, Mr. Auctioneer; and when I remove my cane from under my chin, mark you—my bidings are at an end.*' Is not that gospel, too?"

"These sins have been committed, no doubt," replied Squire Crawford, "and what then?"

"What then!" said Garrick; "why, we must vote that Caleb Black-rod do take Squire Gold-stick into custody, and bring him to the bar of the house, to answer for such high crimes and misdemeanors."

"More work for Wilkes," said the jocose Citizen, keeping up the playful spirit of railery, "more nuts for Johnny to crack. What! bring a man to the bar who has committed no breach of privilege? Here's Liberty with a vengeance!"

"This is no bad scheme of your's, though," said Dr. Ducarel, patting Squire Crawford on the shoulder,—"no bad scheme, I vow, for a man that is known at some of your sale-rooms. My long amber-headed dragon would just reach my chin when sitting."

"Your are right," said Sir Joshua, "and the scheme would be useful to myself, Doctor; for people are too apt to bid, right or wrong, for every scrap of an old master on a painter's judgment."

"And every body knows my phiz, good Lord!" added Garrick. "I have not dared in my own person to buy an old play, nor a song, nor a scrap of black letter for many a day; but, egad! I may now try my luck again, for shortly, *living Lauder's invention* will be knocked down for our edification. I must tell Dickey Dalton of this, for he has been prettily bamboozled of late."

"He! let him alone, Davey," exclaimed Whiteford; "he and old Knapton have the royal purse to carry on the war. No, no! pray let us keep these double-headed shot for our own battery."

"That's right, keep the stick in your own hand; two heads are better than one, as you wisely say, Master Caleb," retorted the old Cit, chuckling at the dilemma they had

\* William Lauder, who purposely fabricated works to impose the belief that Milton was a plagiarist—a scheme of wickedness and folly—intended to lessen the reputation of that great man, which justly ended in destroying his own. Lauder signed a confession of his forgeries, which was drawn up by Dr. Johnson.

got themselves into. "Aye, aye! two heads are better than one; but too many cooks may spoil the porridge." Then, laying down his knife and fork, the fat Squire of Fox's Ordinary twitched his flaxen wig, as he was wont, and exclaimed, "There, again, old Samuel Butler was in the right—Aye, aye!

'With Canting, Slight, and Cheat,  
'Twill serve their turn to do the Feat;  
'Make Fools believe in their fore-seeing  
'Of things before they are in being;  
'To swallow gudgeons 'ere they're catch'd,  
'And count their chickens 'ere they're hatch'd.'

So you happen to be on a wrong scent, gentlemen. I never employed Mister Goldstick in all my life—nor never will. But I perceive, (laughing and looking all round,) there are those who are ready to pick acquaintances with the varlet; and I hope, when they do, that, like your neighbour commissioner, they may come in for a swingeing rap of the knuckles."

#### MIRACLE.

*Title Gazette de Lyon*, of the 14th, contains the following article:—"A Nun of this city had, for several years, been confined to her bed by illness; and, from some singular cause, her whole body was in a state of putrefaction, though her senses still retained their full vigour. This woman died some time ago, and her body was buried in the vault of the convent. Her brother, whose sentiments were very different from those of the deceased nun, and who was generally looked upon as a *strong-minded man*, descended into the vault to see the body. He cast his eyes on the corpse; the head was uncovered, and the countenance which, during life, had been pale and emaciated, suddenly assumed the hue of health. It is added, that the dead nun, who had long made useless efforts to convert her brother, exclaimed, with a loud voice,—"Wretched man! think on thy salvation!"

"It is not accurately known whether these words were really produced. They were heard only by the individual to whom they were addressed, and this part of the story is somewhat destitute of the proofs usually required to corroborate facts of so extraordinary a nature. It has, however, been alleged, by *credible witnesses*, that the body of the nun, which, during her life, was in a state of putrefaction, has resumed the fresh and natural appearance of health.

"The brother of the nun was so terrified by the miracle of which he was a witness, that he has entered a convent of Trappists."

#### The Drama.

##### COVENT-GARDEN.

On Friday we saw as much of *The Stranger* as any moderate person, bronzed to the theatres as critics are, can be expected to undergo for the public good. We witnessed the crowning scenes of that potent defence against an action for *crim. con.* in the court of Morals; in comparison with which all Erskine's, Garrow's, Scarlett's, Brougham's, and even Counsellor Phillips's speeches in

courts of Law, are in-eloquent, un-persuasive, and *nugacious*. Mr. Young was the injured Acteon, and Mrs. (not Miss, as we mistook it) Brudenell, from the Haymarket, Mrs. Haller. There must be something in this play which goes home to many hearts and bosoms, for it is a fact that we saw gentlemen wiping their noses for the sake of a corner of the handkerchief to their eyes, and heard ladies sobbing in an audible manner, when the worthy German spouses made it up again; the secret lies in the Nature of the dialogue, even as it is strained through the sieves of stage-trick and the gauze of sentiment. A woman in tears and full of penitence, independent of a little boy in nankeen trowse and an innocent girl in a muslin frock, is enough to melt the stoniest audience—not to mention the magdalens who may happen to be present: "I will throw my book," said an energetic French priest, "at all the magdalens here;" he accompanied the word with a threat of the action, and there was not a woman in the church who did not duck her head! "What!" said he, "all Magdalens!" But for *The Stranger*; Mr. Young was a second John Kemble. We thought that he imitated the very tones of that illustrious actor. The representation was fine and cold. With regard to the lady thus thrown in our way by the transfer to a larger house, we are compelled to say that she added no new interest to a part susceptible of high working upon the passions. We are loath to speak discouragingly where a strange scene and immense space operated as drawbacks upon excellence; but we cannot recall our opinion, and Mrs. Brudenell may rest satisfied that she has at present neither genius nor powers for the upper walks of tragedy. She was respectable, because her demeanor was lady-like, and her studied grief within gentle bounds; but, averse as we are to the hysterics, convulsions, and death-rattles of modern competition on the stage, she wanted expression and feeling, and so fell into the worse extreme, being nearer the Automaton than the Reality.

The entertainment was *Blue-Beard*, a thing late in the day to criticise. But assuredly it is sad, worthless trash for rational men and women to sit and see. On this night it bid fair to be a monodrame, for Farley's voice behind the scenes, prompting the processions, &c., was so sonorous through the theatre, that the Johany Newcomes absolutely applauded it as parcel of the performance. We have rarely such disorders to censure at Covent Garden. The rest of the thing was gorgeous and dull; the singing very far inferior to that which gave *clat* to this spectacle when it was first protruded to corrupt the public taste.

##### NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

One of the New-York Newspapers contains a View of the interior of the new "Park Theatre, engraved by Lansing, an American Artist." It has been so rumpled in crossing the Atlantic, that we can hardly judge of its execution, but, as far as can be made out, it is no credit to the *Columbian Arts*. A description accompanies the plate, from

which, among other things, we learn that the House was to be opened on the 1st of September last, the former theatre having been destroyed by fire on the 25th of May, 1820. The first theatre in New York, was fitted up in a Store on Cruger's Wharf; the first regular theatre was built about the year 1750. The company was chiefly picked up among the English provincial bands, by Hallam, the manager. They afterwards performed in Jamaica, but finally returned and settled in New York.

The new Theatre is 80 feet in front towards the Park, 55 in height to the top of the cornice, and 165 feet deep. The green-room and dressing-rooms, are in a wing adjoining the rear of the building. The doors all open outwards. The lobbies and passages are represented as being wide and convenient: the chief lobby in particular is 147 wide, and capable of containing the whole audience, who have ready access to it by vomitorias in case of alarm. Besides the Saloon there is a noble *Punch-room*, 50 feet long. The form of the interior is that of a Lyre. It is lighted by patent lamps; and from the description the four tier of boxes (in the Grecian style) appear to be handsomely contrived, and tastefully completed. The Journal boasts, that the Architect, Painters, Masons and Carpenters are all *Americans*, who have never been abroad, nor seen a foreign theatre, (the last being a necessary consequence of the first, and neither to the advantage of the design.) The roof is shingled, and covered with tin-fire proof. The lamps, hangings and glasses are all of *American manufactures*: the house is estimated to hold 2,500 persons; the Managers are Messrs. Price and Simpson. The opening play was "*Wives as they were, and Maids as they are*," with the entertainment of the "*Orphan of Geneva*," in which the only name we recognise is Maywood, as Carwin. The box price is one dollar, pit 75 cents, Gallery 50 cents.

#### THEATRE FRANCAIS.

##### FALIERO.

*An Historical Drama, in 5 Acts, and in verse.*

WHEN a Tragic author wishes to select a very gloomy and mysterious subject, he must turn to the history of Venice. France, England, Spain, every nation in Europe, has in its turn been a prey to the horrors of civil war, but these horrors were never so dreadful as during the Oligarchic republic.

It was therefore an admirable idea to select from among the *ultra-dramatic* characters, who figure in the Venetian annals, the celebrated *Marino Faliero*, who was beheaded at the age of 80, for having incited the people to rise against the despotism of the nobility. The various motives of his conspiracy, namely, jealousy, resentment, and ambition, afford abundant opportunities for tragic colouring, and with the addition of a tolerable number of executions, it was expected that the piece would be perfectly congenial with the *Anglomani*

• Lord Byron's Drama having been tried in Paris, with pretty much the same *luck* as in London, we translate this account of its reception from the *Journal de Paris*.



of the day.—The interest which the historical facts could not fail to present to *susceptible minds*—the happy diversity of the executions, which preceded and followed the death of *Faliero*—the tolling of the bells, which, while it was intended to be the signal for the massacre of the nobles, served only to accelerate the doom of the conspirators—all these charms combined, formed a spectacle truly worthy of the—*Grève*.

Still, however, the piece might possibly have been successful, had the four last acts corresponded with the first, which was remarkable for its spirited dialogue, and for containing one well-executed, though improbable scene. Luckily, however, for the interests of the drama, the three last acts were so extremely absurd and revolting, that the most zealous partizans of the tragedy were compelled to consign it to the justice of the pit, and the horrors of the *dennement* were hissed outrageously.

Nothing could appear more silly on the stage, than the character and conduct of the old Doge, who seems to have married his young wife, just as he married the Adriatic sea: and nothing could be more absurd, than the cool deliberation with which the forty senators pronounced sentence on the Doge; they seemed formally to ask pardon for the liberty they were taking.

It is, however, to be regretted, that the public are deprived of again seeing the magnificent dresses and decorations, which were prepared for the support of this wretched piece. The dress of the Doge was superb in the extreme, and it would be difficult to conceive any thing more elegant than the costume of *Mad<sup>lle</sup>. Bourgoïn*, who never appeared to greater advantage. The scenery, which was admirably executed, represented, with singular accuracy, the principal monuments of Venice.

### Varieties.

*Madame Catalani*.—It is mentioned among the friends of this lady, that a singular piece of good fortune has befallen her. An Irish gentleman, resident in Paris, who died recently, has, it is said, bequeathed to her his whole property, amounting to no less than 50,000*l*.

*Show versus Show*.—While Drury Lane is preparing a grand show of his Majesty's reception in Ireland, Covent Garden is labouring upon the reproduction of the Exile of Siberia, with real deer, real horses, and other realities.

A piece of Sulphur rolled up in cotton, and constantly worn about the person, is said to be an effectual preventive of every kind of contagion. Care must be taken to renew the Sulphur from time to time.—*French Journal*.

M. E. Boetor, a native of Egypt, and Professor of Arabic at the College of the living Oriental languages in Paris, died a few days ago, in the flower of his age. He has left, in manuscript, his great Dictionary, an important work, the result of fifteen years study and perseverance.

### American Miscellanies from late Journals.

Capt. Symmes has made application for a loan of money, or for voluntary donations, to enable him to penetrate to the antipodes.—His appeal is quite serious:

"Is there not in America, either in the East or in the West, any liberal, enlightened, and affluent characters, who are willing to assist me with either positive donations or liberal loans? I am now *clogged by debts*, and checked by lack of means from either prosecuting my studies to advantage, or supporting my family in comfort. JNO. CLEVES SYMMES."

"Newport, Ky. July 31, 1821."

If Capt. Symmes is really "clogged with debts," the sooner he makes his way into the earth, the sooner he will get rid of his creditors. If, however, they are importunate, take them along.

### American Academy of Languages and Belles Lettres.

At a quarterly-meeting, 4th June, 1821, at the City Hall, in the city of New York—

*Resolved*, That a premium of two hundred dollars and a gold medal be given to the author, being an American citizen, who, within two years, shall produce, to the acceptance of the examining committee of this institution, a small volume of original reading lessons, for common schools, which shall best combine useful instruction and just principles with attractive elegance and purity of style, calculated for children, from five to ten years old, and adapted to the faculties of the human mind at that age.

*Newspapers*.—We lately published, from the Literary Gazette of London, a statement of the newspapers circulated daily and annually in the British metropolis, and also an estimate of the probable number published in the British dominions. The number of sheets issued annually in London, was computed at *twenty millions*; and the whole number issued in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was estimated at *fifty-six millions*. This is an immense number; but we have no doubt that the number of newspapers printed in the United States, in proportion to our population, greatly exceeds this. A New York paper has given an estimate of the number of papers issued in that city, by which it appears that of daily papers, 56,000 are issued in the course of a week, and of weekly and semi-weekly papers, more than 80,000—which is 4,160,000 a year. The number of newspapers printed yearly in the state of N. York alone, says the New York editor, will exceed ten millions. The state contains only about an eighth part of the population of our country; so that, if the number of newspapers printed in the other states, is proportionably as great, which there is no reason to doubt, the whole number issued yearly in the U. States, will exceed *eighty millions*. Thus, with a population of about ten millions, the number of newspapers read in this country in a year, is probably greater, by 24,000,000, than those read in the British dominions by a population of eighteen millions!—*Essex Register*.

At New York, the example of Drury Lane was recently followed, and addresses on the opening of the theatre were invited as in

London. Upwards of sixty candidates contended for the prize, which was awarded to Charles Sprague, State Bank, Boston. The Rejected Addresses are to be published.

*Indian Eloquence*.—The following specimen of elegiac pathos was delivered by an Indian over the contiguous graves of her husband and infant:—"The Father of life and light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and hid them in these two graves. I will moisten the one with my tears, and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets!"

*Professorial Bon-Mots*. A country carpenter, in his wisdom, nailing up a board to forbid vagrants from trespassing, fastened it with the inscription upside down: "Beggars are accustomed to *Reveries*," said the Professor, when he saw it.

A humble individual, in a village, anxious for information, applied to a learned friend to instruct him how to calculate eclipses. He was referred to a work on the subject, and soon made himself master of the theory. It is the nature of knowledge to proceed: he now called on his tutor to thank him, and said, "There is another thing I want to learn; pray tell me how to calculate *thunder and lightning*!" The Professor was beat *hullo*.

A loin of mutton was on the table, and the gentleman opposite to it took the carver in hand: "Shall I cut it *saddlewise*?" quoth he. "You had better cut it *bridlewise*," replied the Professor, "for then we shall all stand a better chance to get a *Bit* in our mouths!"

It is a common expression, after a very merry fit, to say, "I thought I should have died with laughing;" yet nobody, perhaps, ever did think so during their paroxysm—if they did, it would speedily put an end to their ha—ha—ha-ing.

N. B. To render easier the "Difficult Bet" respecting the strangling of Baron Stroganoff, in our last, a young Lady suggests, that the money might be sent to *Graves-end*.

### Literary Notices.

An American series of "Blackwood's Magazine," is, we observe from the *Charleston Courier* of the 15th of August, published in that city. The "New Monthly" is also sold, under the title of "Campbell's Magazine." The Bishop of Winchester's "Life of Pitt" is advertised at Philadelphia, with its character extracted from the Review in the Literary Gazette. "The Monastery" is sold at Charleston at one dollar 25 cents; "The Abbot" at one dollar 50 cents; 2 vols each.

The American edition of "Rees's Cyclopaedia," has furnished a *Lottery* at Philadelphia. The tickets are 14 dollars each, the prizes are estimated at 202,495 dollars, of which the principal are 300 complete sets of this work!

## Meteorological Journals.

| SEPTEMBER.   | Thermometer.  | Barometer.     |
|--------------|---------------|----------------|
| Thursday 27. | from 51 to 62 | 29.83 to 29.95 |
| Friday 28.   | from 45 to 66 | 29.86 to 29.60 |
| Saturday 29. | from 51 to 69 | 29.42 to 29.64 |
| Sunday 30.   | from 40 to 59 | 29.75 to 29.87 |
| Mon. Oct. 1. | from 47 to 65 | 29.67 to 29.75 |
| Tuesday 2.   | from 45 to 59 | 30.05 to 30.11 |
| Wednesday 3. | from 45 to 69 | 30.02 to 29.73 |

Wind.—Generally towards S. W. the weather varying from rain to clouds, and clear.

Rain fallen during the week .375 of an inch.

| OCTOBER.  | Thermometer.  | Barometer.     |
|---|---------------|----------------|
| Thursday 4.   | from 51 to 65 | 29.69 to 29.53 |
| Friday 5.   | from 42 to 59 | 29.70 to 29.98 |
| Saturday 6.   | from 39 to 69 | 30.00 to 30.02 |
| Sunday 7.   | from 47 to 64 | 30.05 to 30.02 |
| Wind S. W. 1 & 4.—Generally fair; the sun shining through light clouds. |               |                |
| Monday 8.   | from 39 to 65 | 29.91 to 30.19 |
| Tuesday 9.  | from 33 to 58 | 30.26 to 30.21 |
| Wednesday 10.   | from 32 to 59 | 30.09 to 29.95 |

Rain fallen during the week 1 inch and .525 of an inch.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N. Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.  
Edinburgh. Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

\* The first frost this season. Potatoes and tender plants felt its effect.

## To Correspondents.

WE cannot comply with the request of L., a Sea Captain, &c. &c. for the insertion of larger portions of the South Sea Voyages in every Number of the Literary Gazette, though the ensuing accounts of the Sandwich Islands are the best we have seen. Interesting as this narrative is to many readers, we can only allow it that portion of our space which is consistent with the formation of a miscellany, in which it is endeavored to suit a part to every taste, from the greatest subjects to the slightest trifles.—considering intelligence with accuracy, and answering so far as to render information popular. Such is the aim of the Literary Gazette; every claim cannot be expected to please every palate, but, if there is a reasonable variety, none but grumblers need go away without a banquet to their appetite.

W. may go on as he has begun, perfectly at his R & R with us; we shall be glad to hear from him.

Communications to the Editor, requiring a special answer, are requested very early in the week, till the end of October.

"The Broken Heart" is addressed as requested with a letter to the writer.

ERRATUM in the last Number of the Literary Gazette.—For "Ryan's Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland," read "Ryan's Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland."

## Miscellaneous Advertisement.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## Surrey Institution.

**THE PROPRIETORS, SUBSCRIBERS, AND THE PUBLIC,** are respectfully informed, that the following COURSES OF LECTURES will be delivered in the ensuing Session:—1. On Painting, by C. F. Pack, Esq.; to commence on Friday, the 2nd of November, at seven o'clock in the evening precisely, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday.—2. On the Elements of Chemical Science, by John Murray, Esq. F.R.S., M.W.S., &c.; to commence on Tuesday, the 6th of November, and to be continued in each succeeding Tuesday, at the same hour.—3. On Music, by W. Crick, Mus. D., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford; and—4. On Natural Philosophy, by Charles Frederick Partington, Esq.; early in 1822.

## Privileges of Proprietors and Subscribers.

Proprietors and Gentlemen subscribing at 3s. per annum, have access:—1. To the News Room, furnished with the principal Morning and Evening Papers, the Gazette, &c.—2. To the Reading Room, which is regularly supplied with the Literary Journals, New Books, and Pamphlets of present interest.—3. To the various Courses of Lectures, delivered during the Session.—4. To a convenient Laboratory, furnished with the necessary apparatus, affording every facility to Chemical and Philosophical Researches.—5. To the Library of Reference, comprising a Selection of the best Works in every department of Literature and Science.—6. To the Library of Circulation, consisting of Standard Works in British Literature; Voyages, Travels, and Topography;—History, Biography, the Belles Lettres, Science, and the Arts.

Proprietors paying 2s. 6d. Annually, are entitled to a Transferable Ticket, and their Personal Ticket is Transferable in their absence. Ladies are admitted to the Lectures and to the Library of Circulation, at 2s. 2d. per Annum. KNIGHT SPENCER, Secretary.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

*Study of Geography.*  
Revised throughout, with numerous Engravings, and a New Set of Maps, price 3s. 6d. bound.  
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The Information which the present Work affords, was obtained by Major Bell, during a Residence of several Months on the Spot; and he communicates it in a style equally pleasing and unassuming.—*New Monthly Magazine, New Series, No. 9.*

Printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond-street, London.

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Contents.—Art. I. Lord Byron's Marino Faliero.—II. State of Prisons.—III. Classical Education, in J. J. G. L. Lectures.—IV. Capital Punishments.—V. Melmoth, the Wanderer.—VI. Godwin on Millicen.—VII. Art of War.—VIII. Man of Trap and Spring Gigs, Barnwell's Reports.—IX. Scott's Vision of Judgment.—X. Timeline's Life of Pitt.—XI. Justice's Essay on Money, Speech of M. Attwood, Esq. and Motion on Currency.—XII. Sismondi's History of France.—XIII. High Church National Education, a Letter to a Member of Parliament, by the Rev. T. Lloyd.  
Printed for A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London; of whom may be had all the former Numbers.

On the 4th September was published, in royal quarto, price 15s.

**A SERIES of VIEWS,** illustrative of the ISLAND of St. HELENA, drawn on the spot by JAMES WALKER, Esq. of Bedford. Of whom a highly finished Portfolio, engraved by Briggs, is published. The Views consist of 120 Plates—one of which is double size, engraved and coloured in imitation of the original drawings by Mr. John Clark. There are 33 copies published, with duplicates of the plates printed in black on India Paper, price 21s. 6d. To be had of Mr. Clay, Ludgate-street; Mr. Jennings, Pall Mall; Mr. Major, Skinner-street, and all Book and Print Sellers.

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On Wednesday, will be published, No. 1. of  
**THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

Contents.—I. Life of Cromwell.—II. Apocryphal New Testament.—III. Humboldt's Personal Narrative.—IV. Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs.—V. Flannell's Emigration to the Tourgonn Tartars.—VI. Hunt-Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.—VII. Marryat's Memoirs—Religious Missions.—VIII. Notes on the Cape of Good Hope.—IX. Corn Laws, and State of Agriculture.—X. Bloomfield's Agamemnon.—XI. Italy, by Lady Morgan.—XII. England and France.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street, London.

On Thursday next will be published, price 3s. 6d. boards, **THE ROYAL PROGRESS, a Canto;** with Notes. Written on Occasion of His M—y's Visit to Ireland, August, 1821. By HUMPHRY OLD-Castle.

"Art si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, unde Cerealis invicti res dicere multa laborum." *Horat.*

"For Cresseth sack their job to King? Pishish he ant he! Show me freshweet faishquiching. Ty Got, omy compeche, fishish he."—*Irish Melodist. New Series.*  
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On Thursday next will be published, in 3 vols. 8vo. illustrated with numerous Plates and Maps, **A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY,** into the SOUTH SEA and BERING'S STRAITS, for the Purpose of finding out a North-East Passage, undertaken in the Years 1815, 16, 17, and 18, at the Expense of his Highness the Chancellor of the Empire, Count Rozenburg, in the Ship *Roric*, under the Command of the Lieutenant in the Russian Imperial Navy, OTTO VON KOTZBUE.

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